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NEW STATESMAN

Solidarity punctured:
the TUC's foreign policy

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China's next move

Anthony Barnett writes: Does Peking know what its intentions are in Vietnam? The question is probably being asked in Washington of the CIA which boasted that it knew two days beforehand of China's decision to invade. Such intelligence was not hard to come by, as the principle of the matter had been cleared with the President by Deng himself. The question must also be under examination, however, more minutely and urgently, in Hanoi.

The Chinese evidently dithered in the first week. Three days after the invasion, the Lebanese Ambassador, the dean of the diplomatic corps in Peking, was told that it was over and withdrawal imminent. Instead, a curt denial was issued when the news gained currency. Without having got very far, the Chinese forces stayed. Deng Xiaoping has now said that China will *probably* pull out of Vietnam in about ten days time – but that is very far from a firm undertaking. Sunday's statement by Wang Chen (who was appointed to the Politbureau, presumably by Deng, only two months ago), to the effect that China did not have designs on either Hanoi or Haiphong, brings Peking much closer to a 'limited war', the term used to describe the intervention of the United States as it committed over half a million troops to South Vietnam after 1965. For Wang Chen's restraint leaves open both Thai Nguyen and Hon Gai, two vital centres between Hanoi-Haiphong and the northern border. Thai Nguyen contains the main Vietnamese steel complex, while Hon Gai is the mining site of Vietnam's high quality anthracite, its major export to Japan. If Chinese ambitions are to capture Lang Son and then move southwards to destroy both these centres, it would be as if France assaulted Turin and Milan in order to teach Italy 'a lesson'. This would hardly be described as a 'border war'.

The Chinese Army would find it hard going to reach such objectives, battling a technically superior Vietnamese force in territory that favours the defence. Simply extending the duration – the other option Wang Chen left open – would prove a massive disruption to Vietnamese attempts at unification and reconstruction. Sources, who are used to contemplating the worst, now talk of fighting continuing for one or two years, arcing right round the northern delta from Mon Cai into Laos. They seem confident that if they themselves chose battle, the Chinese would be defeated in any single set-piece confrontation. But with at least another hundred thousand troops in support the Chinese counter-assault, however cumbersome, could really be punitive. Without overwhelming air superiority, Hanoi must be tempted to bog down the Chinese in a more drawn-out engagement. In the first instance this would be very damaging for Peking internationally though the physical cost of the conflict to Vietnam would be great indeed.

Tactically, the enormous local superiority of numbers, and their unused air-power, would still enable the forces of the People's Republic to conduct a withdrawal in good order. But what is the purpose of using such huge forces for so small a military end? Now that the political advantage of an instant 'in-out' has been discarded, and Peking has dropped the option of merely demonstrating its potential credibility, it seems that a proper military objective has to be gained, if it can be. While the first option lay entirely within the initiative of Peking, the second is a two-sided affair.

Who's scrounging now?

Frank Field writes: That there is still a law for the rich and another for the poor can be seen from the latest report from the Board of the Inland Revenue (Cmnd 7431, £1.50). Known supplementary benefit fraud amounts to a couple of a million pounds and for this sum 14,500 claimants were prosecuted in 1977. The Revenue does not estimate the amount of tax fraud, although recently Treasury Ministers have talked of an increase in abuse. An estimate from Anthony Christopher, of the Inland Revenue Staff Federation, puts the extent of fraud from the self employed alone at over £200 million a year and more recent Treasury replies suggest that the level of tax avoidance is around £650m a year mark. In contrast to the DHSS's mass prosecutions policy, the Revenue brought 145 criminal proceedings during 1977-8.

A second example of one law for the rich and another for the poor comes from a table tucked away in the Revenue's report which details the amount of tax which is remitted or written off as irrecoverable. Since 1966, when this sum amounted to £5 million, the amount of lost revenue has grown to £27 million in 1977. Almost 40 per cent of this is accounted for by tax payers going abroad without first settling their tax debts. Fifteen million pounds extra revenue would be gained if the Government brought us into line with most other countries who require emigrants to produce a certificate from the Revenue to say that all tax commitments have been met. Contrast this behaviour with the difficulties of registering one's right to benefit: one in ten of those in the dole queue receive no benefit but appear to be eligible for supplementary benefit.

One other issue of concern is highlighted in the tables giving the Revenue's gross receipts and payments. Over the years the revenue from death duties has become a declining proportion of the government's cash, not just because the amount of money raised in taxation has increased as a percentage of national income, but because the duties were commonly viewed as a voluntary tax. In order to bring about a more equal distribution of wealth Labour introduced the capital transfer tax, which took effect from March 1974; but the need for a wealth tax to accompany capital transfer tax is powerfully illustrated by the latest figures. The last full year of death duties gave rise to £324 million. The receipts for 1977-8 show that, despite the worst inflation since Tudor times, the revenue from the new tax is less – a total of £322 million.

That ye be not judged

Nicolas Walter writes: Until Mary Whitehouse's prosecution of *Gay News* for publishing James Kirkup's poem 'The Love That Dares To Speak Its Name' in 1976, the blasphemy law had not been successfully used for more than half a century, and it seemed both unclear and obsolete. Most of the arguments in the three hearings of the *Gay News* case – the Old Bailey (July 1977), the Court of Appeal (February 1978) and the House of Lords (November 1978) – discussed not whether the poem breaks the blasphemy law but what the blasphemy law is. Following the House of Lords judgment last week, the blasphemy law is no longer obsolete but is as unclear as ever.

Blasphemy belongs to the so-called common law. The few relevant statutes were seldom used and were virtually all repealed a decade ago, so what was used against *Gay News* was the law developed by judges in a series of cases from 1676 to 1922 without any intervention by Parliament. This was the first case to reach the House of Lords, so it should have been authoritative; but the judgment has perpetuated the confusion. The five Law Lords divided 3-2 over the question of whether blasphemous libel involves the intent to publish a blasphemy or just the intent to publish something which is later found to be blasphemous. This question was answered by reference to scores of cases going back more than three centuries, but they nearly all involved free thought propagandists whose intention to attack Christianity was beyond dispute. The *Gay News* case was unique, because it involved the responsible publication of a serious poem involving not an orthodox attack on Christianity but an unorthodox attitude to it, but this fact was swept aside by all three courts, and the case was lost without the real defence ever being put.

The immediate question is whether the law can be left as it now seems to be. Blasphemy apparently needn't include any element of intent or even any threat to the peace. Should it be brought into line with other forms of libel – defamatory, seditious, obscene, racist – in which the circumstances and effects of publication must be considered? Should it be restricted to put religious feelings on the same level as any other feelings which are strongly held? Should the law even attempt to protect such feelings from mere offence, as distinct from preventing private damage of public disorder?

The final question is whether the blasphemy law actually prevents blasphemy. As in nearly all the previous cases, the main effect of the prosecution of *Gay News* has been not to suppress James Kirkup's poem but to increase its circulation far beyond its original readership. It has been reprinted in several left-wing papers and in leaflet editions, one signed by more than a hundred public figures. There seems to be an essential contradiction between punishing and preventing blasphemy.

Running rings round Liverpool — at a price

Steve Kelly writes: Merseyside's Conservative-controlled county council have decided to push ahead with a £40 million inner ring road plan which the city of Liverpool hardly needs or wants. The scheme was first mooted in 1967, before local government reorganisation, by a Labour city council.

Their plan for a £120 million elevated inner motorway aimed to regenerate Liverpool as a major industrial centre. In anticipation the council spent more than £8 million purchasing land, but as costs escalated, enthusiasm drained and in 1976 the idea was finally dropped. It was assumed that derelict land acquired would be used for building desperately needed houses. Last year the council, with the offer of government cash, came up with a more modest proposal for a £40 million inner ring road following the old route. But it won no support from the Labour and Liberal dominated city council which has since rejected the plan. City Council leader Trevor Jones ('Jones the vote', as was) wrote to Environment Secretary Peter Shore last week calling for a public inquiry into the scheme. Jones claims that some consultants' reports which were hostile to the scheme were withheld from councillors, and also wants an investigation into the behaviour of Hubert Harriman, the chairman of Merseyside County Council's highways and tunnels committee, who has been one of the leading advocates of the ring road. Mr Harriman is also an Associate of Ward, Ashcroft and Parkman, a firm of consultants which received a fee of £50,000 for a (highly favourable) feasibility study, but last week

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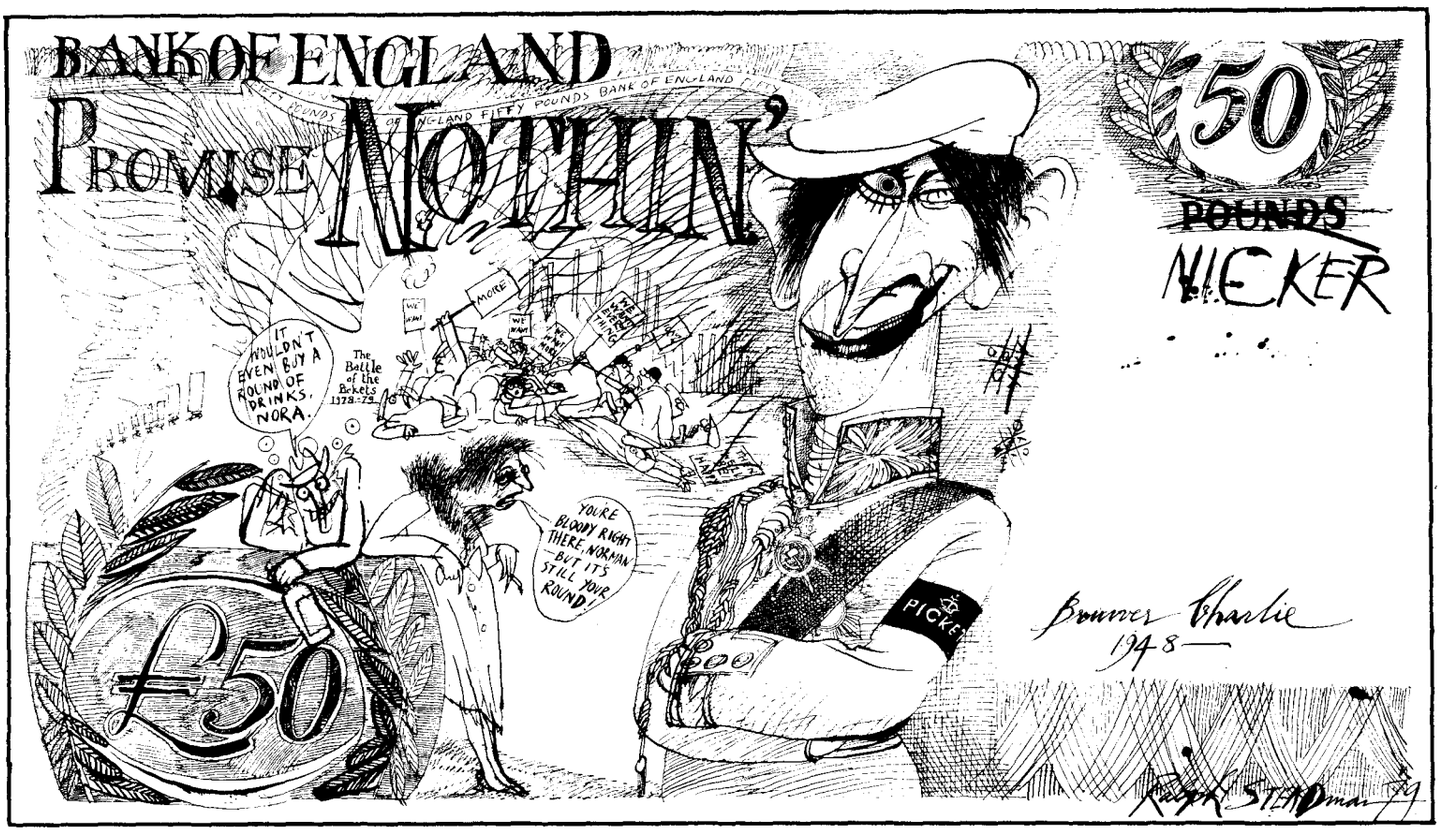

NOTES

professed himself baffled by the fuss. He pointed out that he declared his interest at the time, and added: 'I can't see how I'm involved. I feel I took all reasonable steps.' The feasibility study, which was accepted by Mr Harriman's highways committee five weeks ago, projects a doubling of car ownership over the next 20 years, a 20 per cent increase in car trips and an 18 per cent rise in heavy vehicle usage.

Residents in Vauxhall, close to the old Mersey Tunnel, are likely to suffer most. These residents, in some of Liverpool's oldest and most dilapidated tenements, had hoped that the derelict land for the original motorway close to their homes would be used to rehouse them. Instead, they can expect their lives to be disrupted further, after suffering during the construction of the second Mersey tunnel and other schemes.

The county council, determined to continue with the scheme, refutes any suggestion that it will lead to a net loss of jobs. Small businesses will disappear, it admits, with a total loss of perhaps 350 jobs. But with relocation grants and more construction jobs resulting, there should be a net advantage, according to the county's highways chairman. But similar forecasts were made 12 years ago when land was bought up, and the end result was that thousands more jobs were lost than originally estimated. Many small businesses opted for compensation instead of relocation grants and gave up their entrepreneurial endeavours. The same seems likely to happen again, costing the city jobs as well as an opportunity for rehousing.

War on waste

Walt Patterson writes from Hanover: The village of Gorleben, in Lower Saxony, is the proposed site for the largest industrial project ever planned in West Germany – a so-called *Entsorgungszentrum* for spent fuel from the country's nuclear power stations. The planned *zentrum* would include a reprocessing plant more than twice the size of that planned for Windscale, as well as a plutonium fuel fabrication plant, a plant for vitrification of high-level radioactive waste and an underground repository for final disposal of the nuclear wastes. Current estimates put the cost of the *zentrum* at well over DM10 billion.

Knowing that the plan was politically explosive, the Lower Saxony premier Ernst Albrecht commissioned an independent report from a panel of twenty foreign specialists critical of reprocessing, including Dr Karl Morgan, former head of health physics at Oak Ridge, Dr Frank Baranaby of the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, and myself. The final draft report of the 'Gorleben International Review' (GIR) was to be delivered to the Lower Saxony Ministry of Social Affairs by the end of February 1979.

Despite the logistic difficulties of working in seven different countries and an acutely tight time schedule, the report arrived this week at the ministry, to a less than enthusiastic welcome. With some 2,000 pages it is comparable in size, if not otherwise, to the famous US Rasmussen Report on reactor safety – which, however, took two years and cost ten times as much. Although the report was originally commissioned as a public input into the political decision-making process, the Lower Saxony government now seems to have no intention of publishing it, even in outline. Nevertheless it has scheduled a week of 'hearings' between the *zentrum*'s official supporters and the GIR panel, beginning on 28 March in Hanover. The GIR is contractually bound not to publish its findings independently until July, although it has already excited considerable interest.

The hearings themselves, chaired by German physicists Professor C. F. von Weisacker, will be a curious affair. Only 200 people are to be admitted as the so-called 'qualified public', a handful of tickets are all that will be given to the people of Gorleben themselves, and only 30 places for journalists are on offer. Although the entire GIR panel will take part, the Gorleben project representatives have yet to be nominated; it is said that there is some difficulty finding supporters.

A confrontation is expected when the hearings start. A playground near the proposed site – whose destruction was ordered by a Lower Saxony court last month as, ironically, a landscape 'disfigurement' – will be the starting point for an opposition march to Hanover by farmers and the Citizens' Initiative. The district's Justice Minister has admitted that 100 local prison cells have already been cleared in anticipation of mass arrests.

Ulster comes to Scotland

Ron McKay writes: With 39 alleged members of the Ulster Defence Association in custody in the West of Scotland in connection with a variety of offences which include pub bombings and the soliciting of money, guns and explosives, police are wondering whether the Irish conflict has finally spilled over into Scotland. Last week's arrests of 15 men followed bombings in two strongly Republican bars, in which seven people were injured. Earlier last month 24 men, four of them from Rathcoole in Northern Ireland were arrested in Paisley by armed special branch officers after a tip-off.

Paramilitary activity in Scotland has, until recently, been largely concerned with raising money. Last year, however, the supreme commander of the UDA in Scotland, Roddy MacDonald, was jailed for eight years for gun-running to Northern Ireland. At his trial it was said that in 1976 he had paid a young assistant in an Edinburgh gun shop to supply the UDA with arms; the youth, Ross Sutherland, is now serving a life sentence for stealing weapons and murdering the shop manager, but it was only last month that the weapons – eight rifles, three handguns and 8,500 rounds of ammunition – were recovered from a cache in Dumfries.

Before his trial MacDonald admitted in a BBC television interview – which was used by the Crown in evidence – that he was supplying arms to his UDA colleagues across the water. The film showed hooded sub-machine guns – 'accurate to 100 metres' – which they said had been manufactured in Scotland.

In the ten years of the troubles there have been four sectarian explosions in Glasgow, three against Irish pubs, the fourth an 'own goal' when a quantity of gelignite stored in an oven at an Apprentice Boys' Hall exploded, predictably enough, when the oven was turned on.

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LABOUR
Anna Coote

Will 'conspiracy' at No. 10 help the low-paid?

The comparability hoax

'THE REASON we have asked for £60 is that we have done our arithmetic', Alan Fisher announced at NUPE's National Conference last May. 'We believe we can put forward logical arguments to support it . . . at the TUC, with the Government . . . and in the wider movement'.

NUPE's demand was for a minimum basic rate equivalent to two-thirds of the average male wage, plus a 35-hour week. Their case was undoubtedly a strong one. On 22 January, more than 80,000 joined the National Day of Action for the low paid – pointing out that male local authority workers were taking home £22 a week less than the average male wage, and women £10 less than the much lower female average. As the industrial action began, supported not only by NUPE, but also by the GMWU, the T&G and COHSE, it became clear that union leaders had underestimated the response they would get from their members.

By the middle of next week we shall know whether the unions will accept the government's 'final offer', which amounts to a basic of £45.90, no reduction in working hours and a 'comparability study'. So much has been promised on behalf of the study – Charles Donnet, the General and Municipal's National Officer has claimed it will achieve the full £60 by next April – that NUPE's Executive Council have been made to look thoroughly ungrateful in recommending its rejection. When the votes were taken at the Executive and at NUPE's three National Committees, not a single vote was cast on the side of Fisher – who naturally wanted the deal he had struck endorsed. He now finds himself at loggerheads with Assistant General Secretary Bernard Dix and most of his union's officials. Evidently, in the steely embrace of Callaghan and Murray, he has lost sight of the true feelings of his members.

It is now fairly well known that the 'final offer' was hammered out in secret at Downing Street in the small hours of 10 February, almost a fortnight before it was disclosed to the workers themselves. Late in the previous day, after the 'concordat' had been agreed, Callaghan asked the leaders of the four unions organising public service workers to stay behind. After several hours of talks in which Len Murray played a vital role, they came up with the deal. The only element to be added later was the £1 downpayment on the (unspecified) increase promised for August as a result of the comparability study.

But what seems to have passed unnoticed is the immense gap between what was claimed by the unions and what was agreed at Cabinet level; and the equally large discrepancy between the vague terms of reference given to the Standing Commission which will carry out the comparability study, and the extravagant predictions being made about its findings.

The claim for a 35-hour week was evidently a non-starter. In the earlier stages of negotiation, the offer included a minimum earnings guarantee, but that was jettisoned at Downing Street on 10 February. The basic rate that was agreed fell short of the claim by £14. Clearly, then, the success of the deal and the reputations of Fisher, Basnett and their fellow conspirators hang upon the comparability study.

What is most striking about its terms of reference (see below) is that they could enable almost anything to happen – or nothing at all. They contain no guarantees that the interests of the lowest-paid workers will be looked after, and provide no foundation whatever for the promises of Fisher, Donnet and others.

A crucial question is whether the study will be carried out on a job-for-job basis. If this is so, then the workers who will suffer most will be the lowest paid female groups who are, if anything, slightly better off than their counterparts in the private sector. School meals staff, for example, comprise the largest single group among NUPE's local authority workers: they are almost entirely female; they are among the most difficult to organise because they work together in smallish numbers, part-time; they are therefore the most vulnerable; and they would gain next to nothing from being compared with waitresses or kitchen staff employed by private caterers.

In his interview on *Panorama* this week, Mr Callaghan made it quite clear that he envisaged the study being carried out on a job-for-job basis. The unions favour much broader comparisons which would help the lowest paid and reduce differentials. But if they agree to the Downing Street deal, all they will be able to do is to argue their case before the Standing Commission – which will then be free to take another view. It is assumed that the Commission will consist of the usual handful of the Great-and-Good, representing all necessary interests, who will be fed the all-important statistics by civil servants – and they, no doubt, will have views of their own about how the comparability exercise should be conducted.

As the terms of reference indicated, the Commission, once set up, is intended to develop into a more general relativities board to deal with other awkward pay claims: the nurses are probably next in line.

The Downing Street deal is now being considered by the members of the four unions. It is likely that the GMWU, the T&G and COHSE will vote, in the end, to accept it. So, too, may a small majority of NUPE members employed by the local authorities. But NUPE's hospital and ambulance workers will almost certainly reject the deal. If they do, they can still be outvoted by the other unions of the hospital Ancillary Staff Council (though NUPE has far the largest membership, it has only four out of the twelve seats).

There is still a chance, however, that NUPE's Executive will carry the day and all four unions will go back to the negotiating table. What will happen then? They may get another pound a week 'on account'. Unless they utterly reject the comparability study, or insist that its terms of reference are far more clearly defined, they will find themselves committed to a permanent 'incomes policy' and a permanent pay board.

'The Government wishes to encourage negotiators to consider comparability exercises in the public services and the Government will be initiating further talks to this end. The Government will now establish an independent investigation, a Standing Commission, to examine the terms and conditions of workers in the public services and to report on the possibility of establishing acceptable bases of comparison, including comparison with terms and conditions for other comparable work, and of maintaining appropriate internal relativities. The first group to be investigated will be local authority manual workers, NHS ancillaries, ambulancemen and university manual workers.

In particular the investigation should:

(i) assess the appropriate form of comparisons with terms and conditions in other sections of the economy, and identify relevant comparators.

(ii) make suggestions on how such comparisons should be carried out and on the resources required for carrying them out.

(iii) make suggestions as to how the comparisons should be made available to the relevant negotiators within the local authorities/NHS/universities.

(iv) consult the parties to the agreement on how the results of the comparisons of terms and conditions can be embodied in the relevant collective agreements.

(v) following (i) to (iv) to make recommendations which the Government and the trade unions have undertaken to accept. In the case of local authorities the Government undertakes to provide its share of Rate Support Grant to enable them to implement the recommendations.'

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BUREAUCRACY
Christopher Hitchens

The diplomats who did well out of the Iranian connection

How they tried to bend the BBC

IN THE CLOSING months of the Shah's reign, while he found that fewer and fewer people would return his calls, he had one stout friend – the British Foreign and Diplomatic Service. So keen were the FO to protect their long-term client that they tried to 'edit' the news-coverage of the BBC External Service – which, in the Shah's view, was giving far too much coverage to the activities of the Iranian opposition and the Ayatollah Khomeini.

Last week the Director-General of the BBC, Ian Trethowan, broke through his habitual discretion with a highly unusual complaint:

> We were told . . . by the Shah's government, and also by a few influential people here, that we ought not to report the rising tide of opposition. It is not only in communist countries where journalists find themselves restricted, and this is certainly as true of broadcasting as of print journalism, if not indeed more so.

What lay behind this remarkable statement? Inquiries reveal that there were two sources of pressure – and the fact that the BBC seems, so far, to have resisted reasonably well does not make them less sinister. First, and less formally, there were the 'clubland heroes': right-wing sages like Julian Amery, Lord Chalfont, Woodrow Wyatt, Lord George-Brown and others, who maintained a barrage of semi-public calumny against the BBC's coverage.

More important, there were the direct activities of the Foreign Office. Obviously, BBC broadcasts from London had to be coordinated with the operations of the BBC's Tehran correspondent, and External Service executives are satisfied that the Shah's secret police, SAVAK, monitored all communications. This enabled them to tip off the British Embassy in Tehran, who then got word to the Foreign Office in London, who in turn contacted the BBC. There was, it seems clear, a running commentary on the number of mentions that Ayatollah Khomeini received in BBC news reports. In at least one case of an interview last autumn with Khomeini, the system worked so efficiently that the Foreign Office were able to reach a senior BBC official at home and give him, in advance, the 'Persian Government's view' that the interview was 'inflammatory'. The head of the Foreign Office, Sir Michael Palliser, was personally involved in several of these exchanges. (NS readers may recall that Sir Michael played a remarkable role in accepting oil-company 'assurances' that there was no sanctions-busting going on in Rhodesia: he was responsible for having those same 'assurances' passed on to the UN, even though he had been informed, while serving at 10 Downing Street, that arrangements had been made to allow oil to reach Ian Smith's government.)

The 'inflammatory' interview was broadcast. Opinions differ inside the BBC about the severity of the various pressures deployed: what is beyond doubt is that producers were extremely unhappy that SAVAK, courtesy of the Foreign Office, was obtruding itself into their editorial process. In Tehran itself, the British Embassy dealt with complaints from business allies of the Shah's regime by saying, in terms, that the BBC was 'undermining British interests'.

The Shah and his minions can hardly be blamed for trying to protect their crumbling regime. It is, however, another thing for the British government to try to help them by attacking the independence of British journalists. (One of HM's recent representatives in Tehran told a reporter that he lay awake every night thinking about men who might be unemployed in the North of England if our relationship with the Shah's regime should go sour – perhaps the first known instance of concern about dole queues on the part of the Diplomatic Service.) In any case, pressure from the Foreign Office need never be very severe. In spite of the general belief that the BBC is wholly independent, its External Service is paid for by the FO through a 'grant in aid'. In return, the FO is given the legal right to ban a transmission (though this 'ultimate weapon', of course, is dangerous to use.) On a number of occasions in the past the BBC has modified or postponed broadcasts to accommodate desires in Whitehall. And the two sides quarrelled so badly over the Suez crisis that the Foreign Office reduced the grant for 'punitive' reasons.

IT HARDLY LOOKS now as though the BBC was 'undermining British interests'. Rather, it was the Foreign Office's attempt to get ever more closely involved with the manifestly-unstable Shah that did the damage. And the bill is going to be very large. Even before last week's cancellation of the Iranian orders for Concorde, the best estimate of losses to the Export Credit Guarantee Department was in the region of £900 million. There is no evidence that the BBC has ever cost Britain a contract: the FO's duff advice has already cost over a billion pounds.

That excludes the frantic totting-up now going on at BP, who were getting 40 per cent of their oil from Iran. How did the diplomats come to be envoys of the Shah to Britain, rather than representatives of the British people in Iran?

In 1971 the Shah held at Persepolis a jubilee to celebrate the '2000th anniversary' of his fictitious dynasty. Prince Philip and Princess Anne went. The French were expected to send Pompidou, but didn't, so they didn't get another big contract for some time. This enabled the British to enhance their '12 per cent of the market' – the slogan of the Foreign Office throughout the Pahlavi period. The idea that it might represent over-dependence did not seem to dawn: the fact that previous British clients like Nuri es-Said had fallen was not taken as a warning that the Shah might go the same way, but as an occasion for drawing even closer to him.

The Shah was 'helpful' about British withdrawal from the Gulf, providing cover throughout. He sent his troops to replace ours in Oman, when the unpleasing Sultan Qaboos needed a hand. And if you stayed on his right side, he kept the contracts coming and the cash registers tinkling. The fact that his was one of the few governments in the world to admit torture, and was by general reckoning one of the best-hated in the region, was not judged to be important.

But, whatever the cost to the public, the diplomatic cream has done rather well out of the Iranian connection. It's worth looking back over the record. There was C. P. Wiggin, who represented us in the ticklish period between 1953 and 1956, when we helped the Shah destroy the elected government. He afterwards went to Washington as First Secretary, did a stint as private secretary to the Lord Privy Seal and to Lord Carrington, and returned to Tehran 1965-9. After that he became head of the US Department at the FO, then Under Secretary, then Ambassador to Madrid.

Sir Roger Stevens (1954-58) became a deputy under-secretary at the FO and a director of the British Bank of the Middle East. Sir Geoffrey Harrison (1958-63) went as ambassador to the USSR. Sir Denis Wright (1963-71) struck up a really warm relationship with the Shah and is now a director of Shell Transport and Trading and of the Chartered Bank.

Sir Peter Ramsbotham took over until 1974, after which he became Ambassador to Washington. (Of course, he had to move over for Peter Jay, the PM's son-in-law.) Sir Anthony Parsons carried the flag until the bitter end this year. He remained firmly of the view that Britain was well-advised to put all her eggs in the Pahlavi basket. He has been promoted to oversee Middle East policy.

All of the diplomats who can be interviewed make it quite clear – without, of course, wishing to be quoted – that *at no time* was it policy of HMG to approach the Shah and urge a less despotic – and conceivably less auto-destructive – policy on him. And *at no time* was it the policy to keep in touch with either the religious or the secular opposition. On the contrary, British journalists were advised to stay away from the 'dissidents'.

Just before the end, and to be precise just after the brief political intervention of the Iranian Army, it seems that the British Embassy sent out some signals suggesting that the game might be up. But by then the Foreign Secretary, Dr Owen, had been too thoroughly conditioned, and he marched on without a change of trajectory. On 20 February, in the Commons, Michael English MP asked a good question: whether Owen's

> support for the Shah (was) based on, or contrary to, the advice of our Ambassador in Tehran?

Owen's reply is worth remembering:

> It was a considered judgment by the Government, taking into account all the evidence that they had at the time, including advice from the ambassador in Tehran. But there are more inputs to that judgment than come from Tehran. They come from all around the world.
>
> I am prepared to be justified by history. It is far too early to say whether we shall regret the decisions taken in September or October.
>
> The full consequences to employment, the economy, and strategic and political stability have yet to be determined.

They have indeed. It appears, however, that one employment consequence of our sad Iranian involvements – not, it is true, a macro-economic one – is on the way to being settled. The servants of the Iranian connection have, as noted earlier, generally been promoted. There have been several reports in the last few days that Sir Michael Palliser will shortly become Secretary of the Cabinet.

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AMERICA
Claudia Wright

From Washington, the latest exploits of the other Mr Carter

Plains' man drinks too much

It can readily be discerned that Billy Carter, the President's brother, is a man vexed with problems. Billy, it's said, drinks too much, says too much, and spends too much. He also gets mad at newspaper reporters who have caught him urinating against a public wall, and making other awkward displays of character. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis had the discretion to hire strong-arm men to fend off the *paparazzi,* but Billy prefers to do the job himself. Consequently, he has been snapped poking a finger in a *Newsweek* photographer's eye, and lunging at or chasing reporters in various parts of rural America that he tours as a celebrity.

Americans are used to presidential relatives who are drunks or even petty crooks, and among the current first family there is a wide range of marketable eccentricities. Sister Ruth, the second twice-born member of the family, is an evangelist whom avid news readers will remember as having converted America's most notorious pornographer from his wickedness on a dramatic cross-country jet flight. Mother Lillian accepts invitations for promotional travel all over the globe and turned a trunk of old letters into a handy best-seller. Daughter-in-law Judy, wife of Jimmy's son, Jack (in case you've forgotten his story, he was tossed out of the US navy for smoking marijuana) – well, Judy now writes tips for women readers of *Redbook* on 'How to be a successful woman'. Jimmy's wife Rosalynn thinks this is more discreet than an earlier effort her second lad, Jeff, made at flogging photographs of the family quarters of the White House to a New York publisher. Meanwhile, granddaughter Sarah, just two months old, has been signed to a contract to promote disposable diapers manufactured by a new company set up by the daughter-in-law's mother. One distant cousin is doing quite nicely writing newspaper articles from a California prison, while other relatives with the Carter name to display on their shopfronts sell fake antiques and even worms.

Billy may have come twenty-sixth out of 26 the year he finished high school, but no stoic he. Harnessing as much Protestant energy as he had managed to inherit to the meagre opportunities for capitalism afforded by Rural Georgia, Billy has aimed at nothing less than becoming the Howard Hughes of Plains. He expanded the Carter peanut farm into a warehouse, seed and shelling business, started a new farm, opened a newspaper and a string of gift shops, developed and promoted a new brand of beer (Billy Beer), and enlarged his gas station into a repair garage. Anticipating the success of all this productive effort, he also built a new house, a mansion people say, for wife Sybil and the six kids. What could be more American than that? Indeed, what could be more American than doing it all on borrowed money – some eight to nine million dollars, according to various estimates?

Excessively ambitious, unwise, a clown even, Billy may be – but can he be the arch crook, exploiter of loopholes in the federal political finance laws, cunning financier of his brother Jimmy's presidential campaign, and operator of what the President's most ardent accuser, William Safire of the *New York Times* calls 'the money laundry'?

Last year Safire, an ex-Nixon aide, won a Pulitzer prize for hounding Bert Lance, the Carter banker, friend and high presidential appointee, from office. This year Safire says that Billy, Jimmy and Bert have been in cahoots for years, converting bank loans for solid productive purposes into cash for political campaigns. Federal investigators who are still combing the books of the Lance banks have questioned Billy several times, and most recently, at a federal grand jury proceeding in Atlanta, he refused to answer, claiming the Fifth Amendment right to avoid self-incrimination.

Whether or not this proves to be the scandal to drive Jimmy from his office, as Safire openly intends, popular indignation has not been aroused by Safire's charges nor the rest of the talk against Billy. However, that was before Billy showed up at the Atlanta airport (against whose wall, etc) to welcome a delegation of visitors from the Socialist People's Libyan Arab Jamahiriya. Although Billy visited Libya as the guest of its government late last year, that produced only a few guffaws (Libya, being a strictly Moslem society, prohibits the consumption of liquor). On the tour of the Libyan group in the United States, however, Billy has had some noteworthy comments. In Plains, peppered with press questions about his 'connection with an Arab country that supports terrorism', he said: 'The Jewish media tears up the Arab countries full time'. This was followed by: 'There's a hell of a lot more Arabians than there is Jews'. At a Washington reception some time later, this was followed by: 'The Libyans are the best friends I got in the world right now'. This was followed last week in New York, at a United Nations reception for the Libyans, by an exchange in which a reporter repeatedly asked him his attitude towards Jews. Billy snapped: 'They can kiss my ass as far as I am concerned now'.

These remarks have prompted outcries from the Jewish community, which has demanded that he be investigated for acting as an unregistered agent for the Libyan government. The Justice Department is moving quickly. Meanwhile the President has faced unrelenting advice from the press to condemn his brother, and stop seeing or talking to him.

To the Libyans this was all very amusing. Billy had ensured maximum publicity for their ten-state, meet-the-people tour, and perhaps even softened a few official hearts to their request for the lifting of the US trade embargo blocking delivery of plants and trucks they paid $250 million for two years ago.

Clockwise: Billy Carter poses in the basket of a hot-air balloon; among beer crates in his legendary gas-station, and with actress Annie Potts on the filmset of 'Flatbod Annie and Sweetiepie — Lady Truckers'.

Popperfoto

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ISRAEL
Ian Black

Moshe Dayan has meaningful trouble with his English

Will Israel recognise the PLO?

WILL ISRAEL RECOGNISE the Palestine Liberation Organisation? At first glance the very idea seems almost absurd. But a number of recent signals indicate that for the first time the question may be being seriously considered in Jerusalem and that the answer – if not yet positive – is no longer a resounding and absolute 'No'.

Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan caused a major furore a fortnight ago when, speaking (in English) to Jewish war veterans, he made a distinction between the 'terrorist' and 'civilian' elements of the PLO and urged that Israel realise that the Palestinian umbrella organisation was a factor in the Middle East conflict that could not be ignored. His remarks had an immediate and dramatic effect: colleagues in the Likud coalition demanded explanations, even resignation; most of the opposition Labour alignment was outraged and even inveterate doves were critical. A handful of leftist MP's greeted Dayan's initiative with enthusiasm and Palestinians in the occupied territories reacted with a mixture of incredulity and exhilaration.

Dayan's aides were quick to douse the flames of both outrage and enthusiasm. The minister had not meant to imply that Israel would ever recognise the PLO or negotiate with it. His choice of words, they admitted, was unfortunate. After all, they squirmed, English was not his mother tongue. But nothing could conceal the fact that *something* had happened. A trial balloon launched to see how the PLO would respond? An attempt to improve Israel's image on the eve of new peace talks? Or perhaps just Dayan's own sweet way of telling the government that he was not satisfied with the meagre negotiating powers he had been given in talks with the Egyptians?

Despite Premier Begin's constant and unerring characterisation of the PLO as simply 'a gang of murderers', or the 'darkest force of reaction in the contemporary world' with which Israel will 'never' negotiate, the days are long gone when Golda Meir could declare with impunity that 'I am a Palestinian' and thus dismiss the existence of the problem. In the autumn of 1977 Dayan agreed to the inclusion of 'Palestinian Arabs' in a Pan-Arab delegation to the Geneva conference. And before joining the Likud government Defence Minister Ezer Weizman and Agriculture Minister Arik Sharon – both hawks of a similar feather – said publicly that the political significance of the PLO could not be ignored. Most important, on 17 September last year, at Camp David One, Israel recognised the 'legitimate rights of the Palestinian people'.

Such declarations, of course, do not *necessarily* mean anything at all. Few Israeli Jews can accept the implications of the PLO platform. Article Six of its National Covenant – 'the Jews who had normally resided in Palestine until the beginning of the Zionist invasion [1917] will be considered Palestinians' – explains why. And very few Israelis fancy being forced to be free in the framework of a democratic secular Palestine. But Israel is well aware that since 1974 the declared position of the PLO (adopted at that year's session of the Palestine National Council) has been that it will establish an 'independent national state' in any territory evacuated by Israel, ie in the West Bank and Gaza. Partial acknowledgement of that position came a few weeks after the 1974 PNC session, when two ministers in Yitzhak Rabin's alignment government, Aharon Yariv and Victor Shemtov, drew up a formula according to which Israel would announce its readiness to deal with any Palestinian body that would recognise the Jewish state and desist from acts of violence against it. Other versions called upon the PLO to accept the provisions of UN Resolution 242 of November 1967 which calls for 'secure and recognised boundaries' but relates to Palestinians only 'as refugees'.

When this formula was published it led to disputes between rival groups in the PLO until Israel's official rejection of the idea restored unity to their ranks. And when Israeli doves including Arye (Lova) Aliav and General Mattityahu Peled held a series of meetings with Al-Fatah representatives in Paris in late 1976 and early 1977 there was general condemnation in Israel that they were 'giving comfort to the enemy'. In a statement published on 1 January 1977 and signed by Peled and Fatah member Doctor Isam Sartawi, the PLO affirmed that its policy was one of 'striving for a peaceful solution of the Israel-Palestinian conflict on the basis of the mutual acceptance of the principles of freedom, sovereignty and security for both peoples'. But the PLO's political department later denied that it backed the statement.

This disconcerting tendency of the PLO to say nice things publicly and then retract them has not helped its case, nor the efforts of those few Israelis who seek a dialogue with it. Recent statements that the PLO will accept a state alongside Israel have been either studiously ignored by Israeli politicians or dismissed as mere propaganda ploys.

ALTHOUGH IT HAS NOT gone as far as UN ambassador Andrew Young in calling for official recognition of the PLO, the US State Department has noticed these signals. Middle East expert Harold Saunders told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee recently that by itself the PLO's 'groping for new positions' was not enough and called for 'an authoritative statement that is backed up by a representative group of Palestinians on behalf of the Palestinian movement'.

January's meeting of the Palestine National Council in Damascus came as a disappointment to all those who hoped that such a statement would be forthcoming. There was no discussion of whether the PLO should adopt Resolution 242, change the nasty bits in its national covenant or take steps towards rehabilitating itself in American public opinion. Internal power struggles, a challenge to Arafat's position from rejectionists, disagreement over the organisation's relations with Jordan and disputes over the allocation of financial resources all prevented discussion of these vital questions. But the PNC session proved yet again that the PLO is not a monolithic body, that it does contain significant moderate elements that are not opposed to some kind of dialogue with Israel.

Since then, both before and especially after Dayan's statement, there has been a revival of the debate in Israel over how Jerusalem should relate to the PLO. Although few people dare to voice this publicly, there is deep concern that the US will recognise the PLO and leave Israel facing a deeply embarrassing *fait accompli*. Even if the PLO's recent noises are merely tactical, Israel could only gain from taking up the challenge.

There is a deep logical flaw in the official Israeli line. On the one hand the PLO is regularly dismissed as an insignificant factor in the Middle East conflict. Israeli commentators and journalists emphasise the divisions in Palestinian ranks, the PLO's dependence on the favours of Arab states, its inevitable recourse to spectacular acts of terror to cover up its weaknesses and frustrations. On the other hand they seek its recognition of the existence and legitimacy of Israel as a precondition to any consideration of its participation in the peace process. For all the dismissals Israel clearly does believe that the PLO is important. Last year's invasion of South Lebanon led to the first direct and equal clashes between Israeli troops and Palestinians. One Israeli soldier is still held prisoner in Beirut, a victim of Jerusalem's refusal to acknowledge the existence of his captors. And the overwhelming support for the PLO in the occupied territories has not gone unnoticed.

The question now is how Israel will go about removing the political and psychological barriers that prevent its recognition of the

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PLO. It could be done by the open admission that the much-vaunted 'Jordanian option' no longer exists. King Hussein abdicated responsibility for the West Bank at the Rabat summit in 1974 and he is unlikely to defy the PLO and most of the Arab world by taking it up again. It could come too – if the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty is signed – from the implementation of some kind of autonomy in the West Bank and Gaza, although this would clearly have to be something far more substantial than what Israel is offering at present. Eleven years of occupation have worn away the middle ground and today the military government faces the PLO in all but name.

In the 14 months that have passed since Anwar Sadat came to Jerusalem, Israel has agreed to dismantle settlements in Sinai, to abandon strategic air bases, and to postpone the application of its sovereignty over the occupied territories. It has also accepted – in principle at least – that the 'autonomy' will be for more than a transitional period

Dayan's statement, together with a hint from opposition leader Shimon Peres that a Labour government would be prepared to exchange West Bank settlements for peace, marked a new level of erosion in Israel's declared positions. The PLO may not have been far from the truth when it explained that the real reason for Dayan's apparent shift was that 'Israel feels isolated following the Baghdad Arab summit resolutions, the Iranian revolution and the increase in the price of fuel'. Is it too much to hope that, in a rapidly changing Middle East, Israelis will find a way to come to terms with those Palestinians who no longer threaten, at least in their more realistic moments, to throw them into the sea?

ESPIONAGE
Duncan Campbell

How the US infiltrated Italy's security services

Friendly penetrations

THE LEAKED intelligence report which led to the hasty expulsion of a US agent from Italy two weeks ago has greatly embarrassed Italian and US officials. The report – a full copy of which has reached the NEW STATESMAN – demonstrates the remarkable extent to which the Italian security and anti-terrorist services had been penetrated by the 'friendly' US intelligence services. It also highlights the shambles into which the Italian security services have fallen, commenting profusely on the personalities of three leading Carabinieri generals in charge of operations.

One of these generals had an apparently insatiable urge to appear before television cameras during anti-terrorist hunts, while ready to condone, it is hinted, torture of prisoners or, indeed, any illegal methods. A second was characterised as unable to establish or run the newly-formed anti-terrorist agency SISDE (Servizio per le informazione e per la Sicurezza Democratica, or Intelligence and Democratic Security Service) unless previously supplied with a full instruction manual. The third would brook no course of action unless it seemed likely to lead him to the eventual post of Carabinieri commander-in-chief.

The US official who left Italy under a 24-hour expulsion order was Dominic A. Perrone, a liaison officer to Italian military and security services from US Army European Command, based in Rome. His intelligence report on the 'status of (Italian) anti-terrorist orientation' was leaked, apparently from Washington, to the Rome left-wing daily *Repubblica*. The report, written in Italy on 29 January and forwarded to Washington a day later, was compiled from information given by a 'group of contacts'. Five contacts are described in Perrone's report, each of whom had clearly been used to obtain detailed and sensitive information on the operation of the Italian security services. The report's authenticity has not been disputed: *Repubblica* took the precaution before publication of obtaining an analysis and assessment of its contents from the former agents working for the Washington-based Covert Action Information Bulletin* – in particular former CIA Latin American agent Philip Agee. They told the NEW STATESMAN that analysis indicated the report to be wholly authentic – in particular the practice of infitrating the operations of intelligence services in friendly countries.

Perrone indicates that he is responding to specific intelligence tasks assigned to him by a CIR – probably Central Intelligence Requirement of the CIA – number G-SCP-49503. In 1978, he had filed three reports with the DIA on exactly the same subject. He grades his intelligence sources fairly highly, awarding a 'B' (meaning 'usually reliable'), and their intelligence a '2' (or 'probably true').

Perrone discovered that Italy had developed an 'entire official and unofficial intelligence and security services structure (which) was operating in violation of the reform law (on) anti-terrorism'. The Intelligence and Military Security Service, SISMI, had illegally become involved in anti-terrorist activities – and was almost unable to perform at all as a counter-espionage service, leaving Italy wide open to hostile intelligence activities, as well as 'friendly' ones. To cap off this wholesale leak Perrone's source added that a recent Parliamentary report on SISDE had been 'mishmash and pap' intended to mislead.

APART FROM THIS, the Perrone report lucidly describes the proliferating special investigations in response to the Aldo Moro murder and other incidents. A network of national and local 'special operations' offices had been set up by the Interior Ministry; the Prime Minister had appointed as Coordinator for Anti-Terrorism and Aldo Moro case Chief Investigator, Carabinieri General Carlo Alberto dalla Chiesa. None of these had legal authority, which was vested in the judicial police. Unsurprisingly perhaps, 'the only agency assigned the anti-terrorist function by law was SISDE, which was probably conducting the least amount of actual activity ... the anti-terrorist operation was in chaos.'

General dalla Chiesa's penchant for personal publicity dominated many anti-terrorist activities. He was 'looming over the (effort), appearing at raids and other publicity valuable scenes, levying and tasking the other agencies and taking credit for what the other agencies had done. As a result the operation was haphazard ... and operating at the expense of the security of the country'. Dalla Chiesa was also responsible for special prisons to hold *Brigate Rosso* terrorists; a colleague who had worked for him in the Carabinieri intelligence section told Perrone that he was 'action oriented ... and not too concerned with how results were obtained. If he received orders to eliminate the *Brigate* he would start in immediately, worrying about increasing his capability as he went along. The fine points of legality or illegality would not interest him.'

In the special prisons which he controlled the Carabinieri officer expected that he 'would use whatever means possible to obtain information.' The colleague modestly concluded that dalla Chiesa was 'inclined to be a little ruthless.'

All of Perrone's five main informants are quoted in constructing a profile of another General, Giulio Grassini, Director of SISDE. One Admiral, two Carabinieri intelligence officers, one counter-espionage chief and a CESIS source all concurred that Grassini – promoted to General since the start of the year – would be well characterised as unable to tie his shoeleaces without step by step written instructions. He had wholly failed to get any of SISDE operational by the end of its first year. His appointment had laid SISDE open to the adventurism of dalla Chiesa, the proliferation of other agencies and the virtual wrecking of the SISMI counter-espionage service.

A third General, Arnaldo Ferrara, previously vice-commander of the Carabinieri Corps, had been appointed consultant to the President on Anti-Terrorism and Law and Order. He was 'a very ambitious man' who would 'probably use his present position as a stepping stone ... possibly to become Commander of the Carabinieri Corps.'

In simple terms, the Perrone report reveals unilateral espionage and penetration by the US against Italian security, extending well beyond the ambit of official contacts, NATO, or any other 'special relationship'. Small wonder that the Christian Democrats, as well as Communists, found such activities too much to stomach. Perrone, however, was simply following carefully the standard instructions to agents like himself, in whatever friendly country. Even more than Italy, we may be sure that the UK has long and effectively been similarly penetrated.

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CRIME
Tom Fawthrop

How a Thai policeman lost his loved ones but gained the world

Lt Somchai makes a killing

WHEN SEVERAL HUNDRED zealots commit suicide at the bidding of a self-styled 'reverend', one's instinctive response is a shrug of the shoulders: acts of depravity prompted by a dubious 'higher motive' are readily explained by the theory that irrational goals require irrational methods. A much greater jolt can be caused by deeds performed in the service of mammon. Witness the case of Lieutenant Somchai Chaiyasutr of the Bangkok Police, who has just made his final collection on the life insurance of his girlfriend and his daughter. They died six and a half years ago when a Convair 880 aircraft crashed in the Vietnamese jungle, killing all 81 passengers and crew. Lieutenant Somchai, the only suspect in a proven case of sabotage and mass murder, was acquitted of any involvement in the affair by a three-judge tribunal (Thailand does not operate a jury system) but because of the Thai government's tight censorship controls this strange and grisly case has gone largely unreported in the world's press.

THE STORY BEGAN on 15 June 1972 when the Cathay Pacific flight from Bangkok to Hong Kong disappeared from the skies only 64 minutes out of the Thai capital. A US military spotter plane found the wreckage of the four-engined jet scattered across the jungle plateau of South Vietnam's rugged Central Highlands. British investigators who were rushed to the scene immediately spotted a jagged hole ripped through the shell of the main fuselage, as well as tell-tale craters in the metal skin of the undercarriage bay and a starboard fuel tank. One expert on air crashes reported: 'After seeing all that I knew we were dealing with a bomb.' Post-mortem X-Rays in Saigon confirmed this. Tiny metal fragments showed up in nine of the 67 bodies recovered, including that of Somwang Prompin, who had been living with policeman Somchai.

The police investigation in Bangkok took its time, as was the custom in the corrupt era of Prime Minister Thanom Kittachorn. His second-in-command, General Prapass Charusathiara, was not slow to heap scorn on the claims of those who had inspected the aircraft debris: 'This bomb story was just a plot to destroy Thailand's reputation', he declared. 'They are trying to scare airlines away from Bangkok's Don Muang airport.' But as international pressure mounted – the victims included 16 Americans, 17 Japanese, 10 Thais and 8 Philipinos – and evidence of sabotage accumulated, the Thai government was forced into action. It was no longer the reputation of the airport that was at stake, but the integrity of the Thai police force.

Once the political order for a thorough investigation had been issued, the Thai police quickly built up a solid case against police lieutenant Somchai. On the day of the mid-air disaster Somchai had taken out life insurance policies on his girlfriend Somwang and his seven year-old daughter Sonthaya with three different companies – AIA, New Zealand Insurance and Hanover Insurance Trust. The AIA policy alone was worth one million *baht* (£24,390) for natural death and twice that amount for death by unnatural causes.

Somchai's behaviour after the crash increased police suspicions. When he was flown, with other relatives, to Saigon to identify the dead bodies he seemed more interested in claiming his girlfriend's baggage than in mourning the loss of his loved ones. In Bangkok he sought permission to photograph Somwang's mutilated body. Noting his morbid curiosity and the heavy insurance cover on the two girls, the Thai police put him under surveillance.

Evidence began to accumulate. Cathay Pacific staff at the airport – where Somchai had been stationed – recalled him asking, only an hour after the take-off, whether the plane had landed safely. A Cathay Pacific security officer discovered that Somchai had approached a hostess at Bangkok's famous Cafe de Paris a fortnight before the crash with the offer of 35,000 *baht* in cash if she would fly with his daughter to Hong Kong for an all-expenses-paid 'shopping spree'. The hostess declined. On 31 August 1972, Somchai was arrested and charged with the sabotage of the aircraft. The PM's son Narong Kittachorn, who ranked third in the government, told the press: 'We have enough evidence to prosecute and the punishment will undoubtedly be execution before a firing squad.' Somchai magnanimously announced that he didn't care about the insurance.

THE TRIAL OPENED on 11 May, 1974, with what looked to be an unassailable prosecution case. Sixty-seven witnesses were produced with apparently damning and conclusive evidence. Fifteen foreign experts gave evidence on the details of the crash. A police witness admitted giving Somchai 2 lbs of C3 explosive two months before the crash because the defendant had told him he 'needed it for fishing'. An airline engineer told the court that he had lent two special airframe manuals to Somchai, and that during a guided tour of a Thai International DC8 the lieutenant had questioned him closely about the effects of an explosion in the passenger cabin at the weakest part of the plane, where the wings join the fuselage. Another police witness recalled being asked by Somchai: 'Where is the best place to plant a bomb on board a plane?' This evidence was made more damaging by the testimony of several ground stewardesses who recognised Somchai as the man who brought a suitcase on board at the last moment and insisted that his loved ones change their seats to a position nearer the wings, after which he had placed the suitcase under Somwang's seat

The defence – led by Somchai's father, a well-known Bangkok lawyer – called only four witnesses to rebut the prosecution's 67. An airport customs officer testified that he had checked all Somwang's bags; a police sergeant told the court that on hearing of the crash Somchai had sunk to his knees and burst into tears. The defendant himself spent six days in the witness box; at one point he broke down and asked 'How could I kill my own daughter?' Much of the defence case rested on attempting to prove how much Somchai loved his daughter and his girlfriend, and on demonstrating his good position in society and his ample financial means; he claimed he had been talked into buying the insurance.

The defence summing-up was more interested in social background than in solid argument, asking: 'Did he not love his daughter so much that he refused to return her to his former wife?' The final argument seemed to have more to do with a sentimental concern that a Thai father could never do such a dastardly thing as murder his little girl than with any strict concern for legal logic.

In 1975, after one of the longest trials in Thai history, Somchai was acquitted on all charges. Two days after the verdict he entered his insurance claim for 5.5 million *baht* and interest accruing, and a new round of court cases began – this time in the civil courts. Meanwhile the crown prosecutor decided to appeal against the criminal court's verdict, During 1975 there were four court cases simultaneously in motion centring on Somchai and the disaster aftermath: by 1978 he had, against all the odds, succeeded in winning every one of them. Two months ago the final settlement was made when New Zealand Insurance were ordered by the Appeal Court to pay the 1.5 million *baht* Somchai had claimed from them.

Despite the wild scenes of courtroom jubilation reported after Somchai's acquittal, many Thais were disturbed by the apparently perverse verdicts. Under the new 'democratising' regime of Kriamgsak Chomanand there have been significant attempts to weed out corruption, but the suspicion remains that 'national interest' may have been a consideration in the case: had Somchai been found guilty, it would have reflected badly on Thai airport security leaving the government liable for huge compensation payments to relatives of those who died in the crash.

Somchai's grim courtroom demeanour .....

achieves the desired result.

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The TUC's 'foreign policy'

How much TUC money went to fund the overthrow of Allende in Chile? Patrick Wintour reports on the secretiveness and politics of the TUC's diplomats and their role in British foreign policy and on the struggle for control of international unionism.

LAST SPRING, with 15 million unemployed in Europe, the first Eurostrike took place. Organised by the European TUC this day of action was – for a first shot – a notable success. *Le Monde* estimated that ten million Italians took part in three-hour protest strikes. In Rome, 20,000 people demonstrated. There were walkouts in Athens and Salonika. The Belgian and French unions organised a major teach-in on unemployment at Lille. In Spain, between 6 and 7 million people engaged in strikes. No-one fondly imagined that all this would compel a change of course on the European ministers gathering for their summit meeting at Cologne. But it was a way for European workers to make manifest the conviction that modern unemployment cannot be dealt with on a national basis alone.

The British TUC, responsible to 1.4 million unemployed, was not impressed. Two years earlier, they had vetoed a Eurostrike. Unable to repeat that success, they restricted their action to the dispatch of a letter to the Prime Minister – in addition to which, affiliated organisations were advised to bear unemployment in mind when composing their May Day addresses.

Sad to say, that was not an isolated case of insularity. The TUC, closely linked with its American and German equivalents, has stood at the centre of the official structure of international unionism ever since the forties. But the official structure – still deeply penetrated by the CIA, and by the anti-ideology of the British Foreign Office – no longer represents, if it ever did, the aspiration of workers' organisations to escape from national constraints. Two unlovely influences run through the story of Anglo-American trade-unionism: the inertia produced by secretive, authoritarian bureaucracy, and the active corruption caused by intelligence agency penetration. It is never easy to say where one ends and the other begins. But what is clear is that Britain's labour movement is becoming dangerously isolated from the evolution taking place in Europe and the Third World.

Business, needless to say, increasingly operates across frontiers, and the multinational company – its telex system clattering instructions across continents – finds a specially agreeable climate in Britain. The United Kingdom, after the United States, is the largest home of multinationals: those resident here have overseas possessions worth some £18,000 million. In recent years UK companies have produced more than twice as much abroad as they have at home, and in 1974 the 50 largest – all of them reasonably described as multinationals – accounted for 50 per cent of British exports. In terms of protecting their own members, and in terms of responsibilty to workers in other countries, unions clearly need to operate across frontiers themselves.

Stirrings of debate have begun about the TUC's role recently. Last autumn War on Want published a short book called: *Where were you, Brother? An account of trade-union imperialism.* Its authors, Don Thompson and Rodney Larson, researched for a year: half-

way through they were prohibited in the best traditions of open government from any contact with members of the International Committee of the British TUC. Thompson and Larson concluded that British unions had failed lamentably to monitor the massive overseas operations of British capital, private and public. They claim in addition that large sums of money have been mis-spent by the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU), of which our TUC is a chief prop, and that the TUC has been obsequious and uncritical in its support of highly-political American labour programmes in Africa, Latin America and Asia.

Where were you, Brother? received scarcely any publicity, but it made a formidable impact among trade unionists – indeed, among members of the TUC International Committee. Alan Hargreaves, the secretary to the committee, has been instructed to produce a detailed rebuttal of Cook and Larson's work. Hargreaves, one of the least-forthcoming and least-known officials in British unionism, has yet to produce this document. Hargreaves will not be interviewed by the NEW STATESMAN nor by the Transport House Paper *Labour Weekly*. A spokesman has managed only to mutter that

> The International Department did not want to discuss the book because . . . we do not want to discuss the book.

Yet at the time of the TUC Conference last year, the TUC press office promised: 'Obviously we are studying the book but we cannot make a snap judgement in the middle of our congress'. A considered response seems to have eluded the TUC.

Pressure for discussion, however, is not likely to fade away altogether, because the £450,000 given to the ICFTU every year represents one-third of the TUC's spending. No accounts are published to describe the fate of this money, even though Terry Parry of the Fire Brigades Union is one of the ICFTU auditors. There is an annual report from the International Department to the TUC conference, which Hargreaves likes to describe as illuminating his department's work in 'pitiless' detail. A standard extract (concerning the 1975 work of the Executive Committee of the European TUC) inclines one to ask what would qualify in the eyes of Mr Hargreaves as featureless waffle:

> They decided to call for selective and co-ordinated policies of revival, with measures to protect employment and income, and to demand that government, employers and community institutions should undertake specific commitments, the main thrust of their proposals being towards measures to protect and increase employment.

Routinely, whole continents are disposed of in less than a page. In past years the document has generally produced a conference debate of supreme banality, concluding with a drowsy endorsement of the International Committee and what may be loosely called its work.

SEVENTEEN PEOPLE serve on the International Committee, being installed after each conference by the Committee to Elect Committees. After the Finance and General Purposes Committee and the Economic Committee, the International Committee is nominally the third most powerful institution in the TUC. It is, like most other parts of the TUC structure, oligarchic rather than democratic, and has generally been a preserve of the Right – although Jack Jones, until his retirement, was an active chairman, taking particular interest in Spain and South Africa. In the wake of his departure, and the publicatin of *Where were you, Brother*? the Left made an effort to capture the chair, but their candidate Ray Buckton of Aslef, lost to Tom Jackson of the Post Office Workers by four votes to seven. Four of Buckton's expected supporters failed to show up.

Traditionally, the officials of the department have been able to dominate the hard-pressed general-secretaries who make up the committee, and it does not seem likely that Jackson, who is in addition a board member of British Petroleum *and* chairman of the TUC, will find it easy to change that situation. 'All of us are in a hurry', he confesses. 'I have to read many of the papers in the car on the way over'. (Lately, Jackson has been under treatment for eye trouble.)

Many papers, in any case, are not produced until the day of the committee's monthly meeting, which has been known to last less than half-an-hour. The Labour Party's International Department has taken some trouble to set up subsidiary committees with co-opted specialists: the TUC has no such structure, and Hargreaves tells his staff that their work is highly confidential, instructing them to avoid discussion even with other TUC officials, let alone outside experts.

Skilful manoeuvre has preserved Hargreaves' control over British unionism's access to the outside world. This year, the increasingly-active European TUC decided, after five years of existence, to establish a European Trade Union Institute to act as a research centre. The head of the Institute will naturally be at the head of European unionism, and a British appointment would have

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created a rival point of reference to Hargreaves' International Department. In fact a British Candidate, Michael Lloyd, had excellent prospects. He was informed by the International Department that he should apply as an individual, and that there was no need for sponsorship by his national organisation.

A chance remark from a Swedish friend alerted Lloyd to the fact that sponsorship *was* necessary. But by that time the Germans had already lobbied successfully to gain the appointment. Hargreaves has held a dominating position as Department Secretary since his appointment in 1961. It has been a difficult reign; indeed Hargreaves has seemed often strangely unsuitable. As one former member of the Labour Party International Department commented, 'The trouble with Hargreaves is that he does not like foreigners'. Jack Jones had a particular antipathy towards Hargreaves. Jones managed to take the responsibility for race relations away from the International Department which had been against anything but a voluntary approach to ending racial discrimination, but he failed in his numerous attempts to dislodge Hargreaves himself.

The carefully husbanded power of the International Department is deployed in the service of inertia. A notorious case was the handling of the issue of free trade unions in the Soviet Union. A letter was sent to the official Soviet Union organisation, asking its opinion of the dissidents – and when wholly predictable assurances came trundling back, they were blandly accepted.

What is less well recognised is that this is part of a pattern. The ICFTU, descended from the Western half of a Cold War split, is not a consistently radical body. But the role of the British parent (which provides a third of the ICFTU's money and a sixth of its membership) has been to act as a brake upon such initiatives as the International body does generate.

In 1975, for example, a major campaign, with strong ICFTU backing, was organised against the treatment of tea workers by British companies operating in Sri Lanki (Ceylon). But the TUC did next to nothing to press the demand that compensation for low wages and maltreatment should be produced by the multinationals. An ICFTU report said:

> The TUC kept wanting more information, even though it was difficult to obtain, even though time was pressing, and even though it was clear to everyone that the workers were in a bad way.

A senior trade union official in Asia said:

> Perhaps it does not suit the Foreign Office to have the TUC criticise British companies overseas.

EVEN IN WHITEHALL and Westminster, there is concern about the inactivity of the TUC's 'foreign service'. The TUC could not be bothered to send a witness, or submit a paper, to the recent Parliamentary Select Committee on Overseas Development – even though, as War on Want points out, only a third of British development money goes to the rural poor, and aid is still channelled to places like Argentina and Indonesia, where workers are brutally repressed.

Indeed, the Ministry of Overseas Development became sufficiently anxious recently about union apathy towards Third World issues that it decided to fund a trip to East Africa for Clive Jenkins of ASTMS and David Basnett of the General and Municipal Workers. The MOD are now giving the TUC £180,000 a year. In what looks very much like an attempt to by-pass the ossified TUC structure, the Ministry is also funding a body called the Trade Union Committee for International Co-operation and Development. This publishes a journal, *Link International*, and organises delegate meetings around the country. A good many foreign union officials attended the meeting at which TUCID was set up. The International Department of the TUC did not send a representative.

TUC photo

Chris Davies

UPW photo

Left: Alan Hargreaves, Head of the TUC's International Dept. Top right: Jack Jones, former Chairman of the TUC International Committee, and below: his recently elected successor, Tom Jackson.

Within Whitehall, the International Department's links are with the Foreign Office. Alan Hargreaves came from the FO (though the TUC declines to give any details of his previous career or qualifications – even his age). Hargreave's No. 2, Michael Walsh, was also seconded to the FO as a labour attache. The seven members of the international Department each have charge of a specific area, such as Southern Africa or the International Labour Organisation: they are in daily contact with the Foreign Office by phone, and if a foreign dignitary comes to visit the TUC, the briefings come from the FO. There is practically no contact with the International Committee of the Labour Party, and the same applies to organisations like Anti-Apartheid, Amnesty International and the National Union of Students. Relations with the Labour Party International Department are particularly venemous. Though the TUC are allowed to have observers at the Labour Party's International Committee meetings no reciprocal invitation to attend TUC International Committee meetings is extended to the Labour Party. And yet the Labour Party are permitted observers to other TUC committees. (Jenny Little, the head of the Party's International Department has, in the last month, sent a letter to Hargreaves threatening to rescind any invitations to the TUC unless he becomes more accommodating himself.)

There have been international initiatives by British trade unions: the NUM's report on Bolivian mineworkers' conditions, which led to the withdrawal of British aid; the blacking by the AUEW of Rolls-Royce engines bound for Chile; the attempt to black supplies of uranium illegally extracted from Namibia; the NUM's continuing interest in free trade unions inside Russia; the attempt by Marconi workers to avoid building military equipment for South Africa. The TUC International Department did practically nothing to help in any of these cases. One former employee of Hargreave's department admits: 'Much of my time was spent sending standard letters to unions requesting help on some foreign affairs matter saying that the TUC's practice was to deal with those issues in private.'

Nor, for that matter, has the TUC made any attempt to keep British trade unionists informed about the complex affairs of the ICFTU — to which it uncritically hands large quantities of its money. Few, if any, British unionists realise that a battle is going on for control of the international confederation.

The ICFTU was formed as a breakaway from the World Federation of Trade Unions in 1949 — in order to provide an international framework for the operations of non-communist unions. It now claims to represent 60 million workers in 88 countries.

From its earliest days, the ICFTU was dominated by the CIA, both directly and through the American member-unions now gathered together in the AFL-CIO. Three AFL-CIO officials in particular played central roles: Jay Lovestone, Irving Brown and the now-aged autocrat George Meany. They varied their funding of the ICFTU according to their degree of conviction that its operations were under their control: for example, the sacking of ICFTU general secretary Jacob Oldenbroek in 1960 (at Meany's behest) led to a large influx of money. And, despite promises to the contrary, the Americans throughout the sixties ran their own African and Latin American labour organisations in competition with indigenous unions.

After a series of revelations about CIA involvement in the AFL-CIO – a phenomenon which still goes on, according to the authors of *Where were you, Brother*? – the Americans quit the ICFTU in 1968. Even

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TUC photo

Top left: Irving Brown who organised splits in European Trade Unions. Top right: George Meany, Head of the American union AFL-CIO with his likely successor, Lane Kirkland. Bottom: Salvador Allende. The British inadvertently aided his downfall.

before the CIA exposés, its staff had become increasingly dissatisfied with a diet of pure anti-Communism. Meany trumpeted that in addition to being 'soft on Communism' the ICFTU was staffed with homosexuals: remarks which may be placed against the background of steadily-accumulating historical evidence of the corruption of US unions, and of their degeneration towards minority-status in their own society (organising now only sixteen per cent or less of the workforce).

The ICFTU's finances have yet to recover from the American's withdrawal, and the largest remaining contributors, the British and the Germans, are committed to inviting them back. In this campaign the International Department of the TUC has been especially active – or more correctly, inactive, since the best way of re-shaping the ICFTU to the requirements of George Meany would be to bring about its complete political anaesthesia. (Last year there was great dismay in the TUC at American withdrawal from the International Labour Office on the ground that even that had become 'too political'.) The Dutch trade unions, in contrast to the British, have taken the lines that the Americans must only be re-admitted to the ICFTU on strict conditions.

European suspicions are highly explicable. In the late forties Irving Brown was sent to split the French unions by forming the right-wing *Force Ouvriere*: going on to divide the Italian and Greek unions in turn. Jay Lovestone stated American attitudes very plainly in a recent, hitherto unpublished interview:

> If it had not been for the AFL, the communists would have taken over in Europe . . . in a modern industrial society once you let the communists take over the unions you can kiss that country goodbye.

The interview reveals disbelief in the idea that non-American unions might be able to mange the question of communist influence in their own way. In the same interview, Lovestone confirmed that the AFL-CIO still accepts government funds to pursue foreign-policy objectives – and said that the British TUC was well-known to do the same.

The policies involved have generally been those of dividing unions groups. Irving Brown re-appeared, on cue, after the collapse of the Portuguese dictatorship: last month, a new Portuguese union federation, the UGT, was set up as a breakaway from the communist-led CGTP. (Over 80 per cent of Portuguese unionists were in the CGTP.) The new federation, backed by Mario Soares and receiving strong support from Germany, has applied for membership of the ICFTU. No decision has yet been made, but the British TUC has wasted no time declaring its enthusiasm. Frank Chapple of the electricians' union was sent to the UGT's inaugural conference. Somehow, the International Committee got the idea that the ICFTU was *directing* its affiliates to send observers: actually, all the ICFTU did was ask for opinions on whether the new Portuguese organisation should be granted membership.

MEANWHILE, with British acquiesence, the Americans – despite their formal non-membership of ICFTU – retain tight control over its Pan-American regional arm, ORIT. In the words of a staff report by the US Senate Committee on Foreign Relations:

> ORIT has never quite solved the problem of emphasis as between fighting communism and strengthening democratic trade unions . . . ORIT endorsed the overthrow of the Arbenz regime in Guatemala (Note: a classic CIA coup) and of the Goulart regime, in Brazil. It supported Burnham over Cheddi Jagan in Guyana (Note: another CIA operation conducted with UK approval) and it approved US intervention in the Dominican Republic. To many Latin Americans this looks like ORIT is an instrument of the US State Department.

Today, ORIT still has not disabused itself of State Department and CIA links. It works closely with the American Institute for Free Labour Development (AIFLD), whose president is George Meany, and the $43 million budget of which comes largely from the State Department and from American multinational companies. War on Want has in its possession a document dated August 1977 which shows the AIFLD asking the US Agency for International Development to provide $100,000 for ORIT: a straight breach of policy in that ORIT, as a section of the ICFTU, is supposed to remain independent of any government intervention. A part of ORIT's training college was built by the AIFLD, and there is a high level of exchange between the two outfits.

The connections became critical on the Chilean scene, in bringing about the downfall of Salvador Allende. Throughout the 1960s neither AIFLD nor ORIT showed any respect for the indigenous Chilean unions. (Indeed, an American assistant general secretary of ICFTU tried, without success, to procure a general split in the Chilean union system.) The two organisations worked mainly through the Maritime Workers Union – affiliated to ICFTU through ORIT – and then through the Confederation of Chilean Professions, which was founded in 1971 in the financially-vital copper-mines with a subvention from AIFLD. Both ORIT and AIFLD steadily increased the number of Chilean union officials going to America for indoctrination: among them was Jorge Guerrero, who directed the truck-owners strike which crippled Allende's government.

There is no reasonable doubt that money put into the ICFTU by the British TUC has been used to finance operations by ORIT. Yet Alan Hargreaves is on record as saying that he did not know what ORIT was doing in Chile before Allende's downfall. He also says that ORIT should be allowed to remain in the ICFTU.

The TUC argues, with determined naivete, that ORIT and the AFL-CIO will change once the octogenarian Meany retires or dies. This tends to raise a wry smile among American unionists, who consider that the likeliest successor is Lane Kirkland, a man whose views are almost identical to Meany's.

NOTHING, IT SEEMS, has been learnt from the Chilean experience, because the same complaisant pattern emerges in Rhodesia – with even more danger to Britain's professed foreign policies. According to Bill Lawrence, a long-standing representative of the ICFTU in Rhodesia, the organisation has spent more money on unions there 'than in any other country'. Inevitably, the largest slice of this money has come from Britain's TUC. Yet according to one long-standing member of the International Committee:

> Rhodesia has been very rarely discussed on the committee – it only came into the news in the last year.

More than 150 British companies operate in Rhodesia, providing the largest (if frozen) source of foreign investment. Compared with other African countries, Rhodesia has a large

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concentration of wage-employees. It also has massive inequalities of wealth, in which wage levels are settled through the Industrial Conciliation Act, with no effective right to strike existing. Against this background it may seem remarkable that Bill Lawrence, representing British unions through the ICFTU, should have been living rather stylishly in Salisbury (enjoying two houses), conducting business in liaison with Ian Smith's Minister of Labour.

The Zimbabwe Information Group, which is based in Britain, believes that the AFL-CIO are now making a foray into Rhodesia very similar to that made at a critical moment into Chilean affairs. These beliefs centre round one Reuben Jamela, a man of complex history who has recently re-appeared in Rhodesian union affairs.

In the early sixties the CIA labour expert Irving Brown (see earlier) formed, among many front organisations, the African-American Labour Center, and Jamela was one of his contacts. Jamela was then head of the main federation for black trade unions in Rhodesia: in 1962 he was expelled from Joshua Nkomo's ZAPU as 'an agent of the imperialists' and the following year there was a major split in the labour federation. At this time, of course, the AFL-CIO was still part of the ICFTU, and there were plans just before UDI to use Jamela's friends as the leaders of a complaint trade union congress

Those plans came to nothing, but Jamela is now at the head of a newly formed Zimbabwe Federation of Labour – an organisation clearly favoured by the government, as he has also been appointed township superintendent for Zengezi. He claims to have 40 unions affiliated. Many of them, breakways from existing unions, are empty shells: but they are likely to be well-funded. Last year a high-level delegation from the AFL-CIO flew into Rhodesia to meet Jamela and other trade-unionists: at its head was Jerry Funk, assistant-director of Irving Brown's African-American Labour Center.

These moves take place against a background of determined Washington lobbying for the lifting of sanctions and the organisation of support for Ian Smith's 'internal solution'.

It seems unlikely that the TUC International Department will take any sort of stand against this – as it is campaigning for the full-fledged return of the AFL-CIO to the ICFTU, and as it is informed by Alan Hargreaves' belief that trade unionism must always be seen as independent of politics. It is a debilitating view when international unionism generally is split by politics: and in Rhodesia and South Africa the idea of non-political unions is particularly absurd.

On the other hand, it is not necessarily the case that Mr Hargreaves can succeed in all his plans. Regularly TUC conferences have voted to end British investment in South Africa: to the embarrassment of the Foreign Office, which defends its acquiesence towards South Africa on the grounds that British workers cannot be expected to tolerate the employment effects of confrontation

The acknowledged nadir of the TUC's overseas presence came with a 1973 trip to South Africa by three general secretaries – organised by Hargreaves in the teeth of resistance from black unionists in South Africa. The design, it appears, was to ease the TUC away from its disinvestment position by arguing that British funds for union-education centres in South Africa might become a force for change inside apartheid. Much of the delegation's time was spent with the Trade Union Congress of South Africa, which has no black members: nonetheless, the illegal black unions managed to get through the message that what they needed was not money from Britain, but freedom to organise.

The result, however, has been stalemate rather than action in any direction. In the meantime, Britain's unions drift towards a position in which their main allies are the corrupted Cold Warriors of the CIA's front-organisations.

LAW

Prevention of Terrorism

Brian Rose-Smith writes:. On 25 March we shall undoubtedly see the renewal, for another twelve months, of the Prevention of Terrorism (Temporary Provisions) Act. In 1974 when the Act first became law, Roy Jenkins, then Home Secretary, described it as 'Draconian' and a combination of powers 'unprecedented in peace time'.

'Draconian' was certainly no exaggeration. The Act has given the police power to arrest suspects for no particular crime, to detain them for up to seven days and (effectively) to search anyone and seize anything. *Habeas corpus* is suspended for those detained under the Act and the right of silence is severely weakened. While in custody a suspect may be measured, photographed and fingerprinted, and 'reasonable force' may be used to carry this out. Invariably the police refuse a suspect access to a solicitor.

By 15 December last, 3,589 people had been detained in Great Britain under the Act, of whom only 72 (two per cent) were charged with offences arising out of terrorist activities. Of the latter group, 20 were charged under the Act itself and the rest with such matters as murder, conspiracy to cause explosions and offences under the 1968 Firearms Act. Exclusion orders issued under the Act have caused 145 people to be removed.

It may be argued that the trade-off between the loss of civil liberties and the detection of terrorists is a necessary equation. But is this really what the Act achieves? A closer look at the activities of the Provisional IRA since 1974 suggests that it has done little – if anything – to deter them from undertaking urban guerilla warfare. On the contrary, the Provisionals have tightened their mode of operation, becoming more efficient and more difficult to detect. They have relied less on part-time local units and more on full-time, highly trained professional Active Service Units, which have kept their numbers small and stayed clear of Irish areas and Republican politics, living careful and anonymous lives in flats and bedsits. The Active Service Unit that met its demise with the siege of Balcombe Street, London, in December 1975 had operated with deadly effectiveness since August the previous year, and had been little inconvenienced by the existence of the Act. Other ASUs in Manchester and Southampton found the Act no more of a hindrance than their London-based comrades.

True, a number of their members have been arrested, but in each case it is clear that the extra powers available to the police under the Prevention of Terrorism Act did not contribute to their detection. The police already had evidence against them (which the PTA did not help bring their way), and could have used their other powers to make the arrests.

The majority of people arrested under the Prevention of Terrorism Act have been suspected not of direct involvement with terrorism, but of having information concerning terrorists. Police practice has indicated that they have acted on the slightest hint of a connection, no matter how remote or tenuous. There are many reported cases of people arrested under the Act merely because they were selling *Republican News* or *An Pholacht*, both legal newspapers, or were collecting funds for Sinn Fein, a legal political organisation. In the majority of cases, interrogation focussed on the suspect's knowledge of other people, on trade union and political activities and on the social and sex life of the suspect. There is no evidence to suggest that such information has been of any use in the detection of Provisional IRA activists or in the prevention of terrorism.

Slowing down the defence

Olë Hanson writes: Legally aided defendants on criminal charges in the crown courts will be less adequately represented as a result of a recent decision by the Supreme Court Chief Taxing Master. In the case of *R v Rogers* he held that under the Legal Aid Act 1974 a solicitor could not be paid under the criminal legal aid scheme for work done before the issue of the legal aid order.

That conflicts with a previous decision of a crown court judge in 1976, *R v Tullett*. Neither case is binding precedent but *Rogers* probably represents a more accurate interpretation of the law; it will not be appealed and it is likely to be followed by crown court taxing officers when assessing solicitors' bills. If so it will affect those defendants who are committed for trial by the magistrates court to the crown court without at the same time getting legal aid, and who therefore have to apply to the crown court for legal aid. In 1977 there were 14,427 such applications: the vast majority, 14,205, were granted, but it can take many weeks for an application to be processed by the crown court. Under the ruling in *Tullett* solicitors could start to prepare a case immediately after committal, but as a result of *Rogers* that will no longer be possible – that is if the solicitors want to get paid for their work.

The case of *Rogers* is itself a good illustration of how the new ruling will affect defendants. In that case the defendant was charged with importing cannabis. He was committed for trial, in custody, by Uxbridge Magistrates' Court which refused him legal aid, in accordance with what practitioners say is a policy in that court on all charges of illegal importation. An application for legal aid was sent to the crown court and legal aid was eventually granted but in the meantime the solicitors had started work on the case. They took the view that the defendant had a good chance of a non-custodial sentence and therefore pressed ahead with the preparation and tried to get an early hearing. When they submitted their bill after the trial, the crown court taxing officer refused to allow payment of fees and disbursements in respect of work done before the issue of the legal aid order. The taxing officer's refusal was confirmed by Master Matthews. As a result the solicitors lost about £250.

The government instructed and paid for Treasury Counsel to appear before Master Matthews and oppose the appeal. Not surprisingly therefore the Home Office has no plans to introduce changes to the Legal Aid Act in the light of the *Rogers* decision.

It is not as though *Rogers* will result in much saving, if any, of legal aid money. Solicitors will not do *less* work on each case than before: they will simply delay it until they know a legal aid order has been issued, in order not to lose money. There may even be a small increase in expenditure since this is bound to lead to more cases coming before the crown courts when they are not ready for trial. It is therefore likely that a few more cases will be adjourned with a consequent waste of time and money. However, given the attitude of most crown court judges to defence requests for adjournments in the majority of cases it will be the defendants who will suffer if their cases have not been properly prepared.

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EDUCATION
Rick Rogers

Inadequate nursery provision leaves mothers housebound

Time for a pre-school revolution

THE PUBLICATION of the Department of Education's allocations to local authorities for the 1979/80 nursery building programme makes depressing reading. Not only does it remain a question of too little, too patchy and too late; it is more that the whole programme is wrongly conceived. For while governments and local authorities have spent the last ten years failing to cater for one social revolution (the demand for comprehensive nursery education), another revolution (the demand for day care) has crept up on us. And while nursery provision still stubbornly maintains a low profile, the provision of day care fails even to break surface.

Precisely what this government does is to allow those local authorities which put in a bid to raise loans up to a specified limit for capital projects – with assistance from central government through the rate support grant. But many authorities in England just don't bother to borrow money. While the new figures show that the number of local authorities bidding has gone up over the last three years from a half to two-thirds, almost a quarter have not bid at all in that time – and six have not done so since 1974. Seventeen of those authorities were well below the 1977 national average figure of 9.1 per cent for the proportion of children of nursery age actually being catered for (the figure is expressed as the full-time equivalent). What makes matters worse is that some of these authorities – for example, Bucks, West Sussex, Bromley, Somerset, Gloucestershire – show up badly right across the spectrum of spending on pre-school and day care provision. Other authorities with a poor overall record and an inconsistent attitude to the building programme include Bexley, Dorset, Dudley, Isle of Wight, Hereford/Worcs, Kent, Salop, Warwickshire and Wiltshire.

Bromley explains away a poor showing by saying that its priority is to improve the pupil/teacher ratio (admittedly one of the worst in the country for primary schools, and only average for secondary), and claims that such provision has little effect on a child's educational development. Bromley spend less than any other authority on nursery provision apart from Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, which spend nothing at all. In contrast, Salford provides for some 90 per cent of its four year olds and 40 per cent of three year olds, and will soon be opening four new day care centres operating 51 weeks a year, eight till six. The ILEA has increased it provision from 19 to 41 per cent since 1977, but, significantly, 4,000 of its part-time places are not being taken up: the demand is for more full-time places. The

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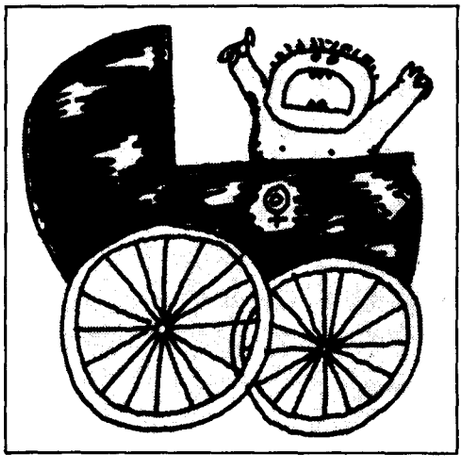


plain fact is that much of the provision that does exist or is planned does not really help the ordinary mother with young children who wants or has to go out to work.

There have been some useful explorations of this growing problem over the last few months – a review of provision and experimental projects by the Equal Opportunities Commission[1]; an OPCS survey and the more recent 'think tank' study[2]. But it is only just being transformed into a 'popular national issue' by last week's Gallup survey commissioned and published by *Woman's Own*. The 'think tank' report, which found that the mothers of some 900,000 children under five went out to work, recommended that young families should be provided with ' reasonably co-ordinated service of care, education and support'. Day nurseries (the responsibility of the DHSS) and nursery education (run by the DES) should be reorganised so that both meet the needs of the children for education *and* care rather than maintaining their existing divisions.

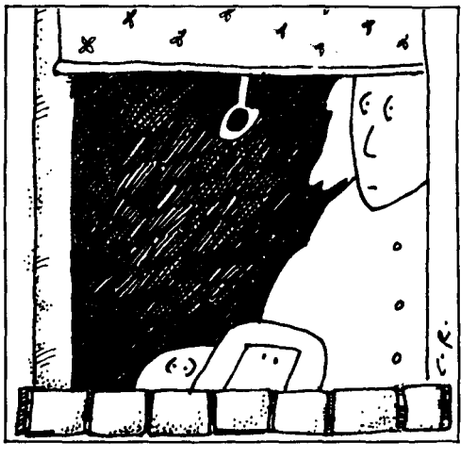
The *Woman's Own* survey highlighted an even greater frustration. It found that of those mothers who have children under five and who don't work, 93 per cent said they wanted a part-time job. Two-thirds would like to work for between nine and 20 hours a week over a five-day week. More than half the mothers who already worked did so for up to 15 hours a week and for four or five days in the week. Yet only one in eight of all working mothers with under-fives had a place for her child in a nursery, nursery school, employer's creche or with a registered childminder. Only 2 per cent said their children were able to attend a local authority day nursery. Fewer had access to an employer's creche or even a nursery school.

It is thus clear that young mothers want to work – not just to earn money for family commitments, but also to satisfy their intellectual, social and emotional needs (in short, for all the reasons men work) – and that more than half the mothers thought that the ideal sorts of care were day nurseries or nursery schools. More than one in ten wanted access to care at the workplace. A quarter wanted playgroups – presumably with extended hours.

The National Campaign for Nursery Education, backed by its own surveys of local authority policy, is advocating statutory nursery provision. But it is the TUC's Under-fives Charter[3] (out this week) which builds a more solid structure for an assault on day care inadequacy. The TUC wants a comprehensive scheme of state-financed day care for children, and is pushing for a joint financing scheme similar to the arrangements for funding health service projects between Area Health Authorities and local authorities.

What is to be done in the meantime? Self-help schemes and community pressure on local authorities and employers are two ways forward. A new guide published by the NUJ's Equality Working Party[4] gives a detailed explanation of how to go about setting up a nursery unit at work financed jointly by workers and employer. Costing, staffing, the facilities needed and how to negotiate the right sort of deal with the employer are all included. A useful complementary booklet from the London Nursery Campaign[5] does the same kind of exercise for setting up a community-based nursery.

The TUC is meeting the Education and Social Services Secretaries later this month to start discussions for an overall national plan for mandatory provision. The Ministers will



presumably claim that a single department to deal with under-fives is unnecessary and that sufficient consultation already takes place. They will also point to the 'expansion' in financing provision up to 1982/3.

However, a little reported but highly significant statistic was produced last week. In the first six weeks of this year, the birthrate jumped 11 per cent compared with the same period in 1978. If this is the beginning of a steadily rising birth rate – and the indications are that it is – the current 'expansion' programme will be knocked sideways. We need an under-fives policy sooner than we think – it's already too late.

[1] *I want to work ... but what about the kids?* (free from EOC, Overseas House, Quay Street, Manchester M3)
[2] *Services for young children with working mothers* (HMSO, £2.75)
[3] *Under-fives charter* (from TUC, Great Russell Street, London WC1)
[4] *Workplace nurseries: the why and how* (30p plus 10p postage from NUJ, Acorn House, 314-320 Grays Inn Road, London WC1)
[5] *The do-it-yourself nursery* (40p plus 10p postage from London Nursery Campaign, 33 Mundania Road, London SE22)

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London Diary

☐ There have been lots of expensive operatic disasters. But surely the costliest cold ever occurred in New York recently. Due to open at the Met in *Ariadne auf Naxos,* Leontyne Price suddenly developed a violent cold and at 10.30 a.m. on the day of the opening her doctor advised her not to appear. Her 'cover' was summoned, but she too had a cold. After 400 or so telephone calls no-one could be found within flying distance to take over at such short notice. The first night was cancelled and *Don Carlos* substituted. Further difficulties ensued. The opera had been performed at the Met on the previous night and the cast had to be bribed to do it again. Since it was too late to change the starting time – *Don Carlos* being an opera of excessive length – the audience was not very happy either and demanded their money back. Both casts had to be paid and the musicians demanded overtime. At the last estimate, and the final bill has still to be totted up, Miss Price's cold has cost about 50,000 dollars – not a bad record for a sudden sniffle.

☐ All is not well with the Established Church. Few of you are regular subscribers to the *Church Times,* so I will inform you of developments. The new Rural Dean of Wendover missed his institution on St Valentine's Day, because he had been chosen as Gentleman of the Year in a competition sponsored by Southern Comfort and *Women's World.* 'It was the classic story of the girl who marries the curate', his wife explained. 'I recognised him as the perfect gentleman from the start.'

Archbishop Coggan is another matter. Notoriously, while condemning the materialism of others, he found himself in the unfortunate position of being offered an 18% pay increase. Spiritual pastors lower down the scale appear, from the *Church Times*, to be militant. 'I do not accept that my wife and children should need to wear poor-quality clothing (because cheaper) or second hand clothes just because I am a minister', writes the Rev John Dunn. 'It may be retorted that I have a very unspiritual view of money . . . Is this unreasonable? I venture to suggest that it is at least Biblical.'

☐ When it comes to drugs – 'ethical' or sinful – I'm a firm believer in the philosophy of 'from each according to my need, to others according to theirs'. I thought it brave of Thames Television to attempt a programme on the drug industry in their *Inside Business* series: we've heard so much about the evils of pharmacology that an attempt to redress the balance is bound to be refreshing. No-one in his right mind would argue that thalidomide was a good thing, or that practalol (the heart drug which causes blindness) should not have been withdrawn. But there's another problem, described by Julian Mounter, editor of *Inside Business*, as the genesis of the programme:

> We came across this doctor who was making up his own prescription for about 17 people all over the country suffering from a rare disease. Why weren't the drug companies making it? Why wasn't it being licensed by the medical authorities?

Part of the reason is that in the aftermath of the great drug disasters, there's a public demand for drugs to be '100 per cent safe' before they can be sold. But of course no drug really *is* 100 per cent safe, and the attempt to make it so is apt to make the introduction of new treatments quite impractical. It shows first with drugs aimed at things like Paget's Disease, which only affect – however miserably – small groups of people. The elaborate clinical trials which are required today become almost impossible to organise. Just about 50 patients at the moment are benefiting from human calcitonin treatment: it might take another ten years to clear the drug, by which time many sufferers will be dead, or beyond caring. The right balance, obviously, is hard to strike. But I think I'd sign a form saying: 'If in doubt, try anything, and let *me* take the risk.'

☐ Noting my glum expression, a taxi-driver attempted to cheer me up the other day by passing on two nuggets from his rich experience. The first concerned an old man on his way back from a birthday treat organised by his daughters, who had clubbed together to buy him a hearing-aid. 'Marvellous girls, they are', he enthused, 'you've no idea what it's like being able to hear again, just like new, after all these years.' Very nice, the taxi-driver agreed. How much had it cost? 'It's about twenty to ten', the man replied.

His second tale was even more sobering. Asked by a group of youths outside a Chelsea pub to take home an extremely drunk man, he rather unwillingly agreed. The man was, as he put it, 'paralytic'. Arriving at the address given by the youths, he lifted the man out, carried him up the path and propped him against the wall while he rang the doorbell. 'I've brought your old man back – I think he's had a jar or two.' 'That's all very well', complained an irate woman, 'but what have you done with his wheelchair?' After that, I felt like a stiff drink myself.

☐ Hilary Rubinstein, author and literary agent, has devised a curious ruse in the hope of getting readers to comb feverishly through his latest *Good Hotel Guide.* Hidden away in the text are two fake descriptions of non-existent hotels. The difficulty is that, once started on tracking down the fakes, all the hotels sound equally unlikely. What are foreign tourists to make, for example, of a country where hotel connoisseurs rate as a virtue: 'The bathroom was magnificent, and somewhat larger than our room. I counted 17 cupboards and drawers in it (also a keyhole which allowed you to see straight into the next bathroom . . . dogs in bedrooms only.')

Of a Yorkshire hotel, a grateful visitor observed 'The Cricket Room is full of nostalgic photographs of great Yorkshire cricketers who have played locally.' The West Country is particularly rich in idiosyncratic delights. In one Devon hotel, 'dinner is served in the cellars one night a week, with candles and special china.' In Cornwall, one report said, 'The only sounds are from the birds and a herd of cows. At night I heard owls. During the three days I was there I walked in the woods packed with rhododendrons. I met three persons.' As for London, the reporter covering Durrant's has chosen to define its qualities in negatives. 'It does not have a big lobby, where you can't be sure whether the people jostling you are bona-fide guests or just people off the street who are cadging a bit of central heating or dropping in to use the loo.' I am not qualified to judge this work as a hotel guide: but as a good read, it beats many a novel I've read recently.

☐ I was amused to read Peregrine Worsthorne's account of his night at the Sydney Opera House with Germaine Greer. So beautiful was *Albert Herring,* he records, that next day Miss Greer sent a note of thanks and a box of cigars. It was enough, Mr Worsthorne said, to turn even the most curmudgeonly male chauvinist pig into a supporter of female lib. 'I light up one of the magnificent coronas at once, but smoke gets in my eyes, inducing tears. Or am I simply touched to the quick by such an unexpectedly delicate and gracious gesture?'

The only time I shared an operatic occasion with Germaine Greer was a bit different. She arrived, uninvited, to the publication party for a book of mine, which she had slated, for no very good reason, in the NEW STATESMAN. Not content with insulting most of my guests, she then insisted on singing *The Magic Flute,* a work sometimes beyond the scope even of the talented. 'You're terribly flat', someone remarked, 'why don't you shut up?' She burst into tears and retired to a corner with her myrmidons. Next day, I failed to receive a box of cigars or even poisoned chocolates. Perhaps I lack Mr Worsthorne's charm.

☐ Adrian Mitchell, the poet, is the only person I know to have written a musical about the No. 24 bus route. His new venture, opening next week at the Kings Head in Islington, is equally unorthodox. Described as a 'jazz play', it is based on the early association between Hoagy Carmichael, Bix Beiderbecke and the playwright William Moenkhaus who, not content with that, wrote under the name Wolfgang Beethoven Bunkhaus. Like Bix, Moenkhaus Bunkhaus died young, but Hoagy survived to produce as many songs, Adrian says, as they can possibly cram into the evening. Murray Melvin (perhaps best remembered as the boy in *A Taste of Honey*) plays Moenkhaus and Sylveste McCoy is Bix – 'the two nearest people we have to Buster Keaton, whom I take to be a much better example than Jesus', the author says.

Ruth Hall

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Three years ago, when he was occupying himself looking after the family's 12,000 acre estate at Eaton Hall in Cheshire, Grosvenor found that an 18-year-old gamekeeper had shot two rabbits on the estate. After the miscreant had been apprehended by 12 uniformed policemen, Grosvenor sacked him. 'The lad had to go because he sold the rabbits for gain,' explained the 24-year-old heir, at whose 21st birthday party 3,000 lobsters had been consumed by revellers. 'I cannot tolerate my staff gaining commercial advantage in this way – after all, rabbits sell in the butcher's for 45p a lb.' – *Sunday Telegraph* (D. Gardner)

☐ For years, it's been well nigh impossible to find a loo seat that isn't mass produced in plastic. Now, once again, you can buy a seat carved from a single piece of exquisitely grained solid mahogany. Each Chiltenhurst seat is individually sanded and French polished to give a warm, rich satin finish and protection against any moisture absorption. The hinges and fittings are made of brass, and we offer as an option at no extra cost a brass plaque recessed into the lid for your personal inscription. – Ad. in *Country Life* (David Erskine)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

The television minefield

Sir, That British television faces an eventual crisis is wholly apparent from Peter Kelly's reply (NS 16 February) to my Edinburgh International Television Festival paper – 'Has television contracted the Fleet Street disease?' – most of which the NS published last year. Kelly shows, as I did in detail, that television workers are rightly seeking to take a share of the thumping profits now being made by the ITV companies. He deduces, as I was at pains to do before him, that much ITV management has been weak, opportunist and cack-handed in its labour relations.

We differ, I think, on two cardinal points. First, Kelly is content to defend a union practice if he can show it originally derives from bad management. The high overtime bills that foreign location shows run into is fine because of the idea behind overtime – 'which is to deter companies from imposing extremely long hours of work on their employees who are taken away from their homes and their families for days, weeks and even months at a time . . .' Yes, that *was* the original motivation for overtime, but Kelly knows as well as I do how it works out today: people fight to get on those foreign jobs and be wrenched from the bosoms of their families. They fight so hard that most TV unions have a rota for foreign jobs – to ensure a spread of the overtime spoils. Foreign trips are valued not so much for the work-in-itself,

but for the opportunities for booty, which are exploited as hard as possible.

Why shouldn't they be? Because the assignment can get forgotten. This is what happened when *World in Action* lost three valuable, radical shows last year, on Rhodesia, South Africa and Iran. The production assistants saw them as *only* opportunities for overtime, and felt if they couldn't go on the crews, well then, the plugs would have to be pulled.

The second cardinal difference is that Kelly is essentially in favour of a 'frozen' industry. I am not. Kelly justifies the blacking of new technology such as ENG. Members are 'itching to get their hands on it' *but* 'it could also alter the structure of the industry.' He is afraid of a drastic slimming of the main TV companies which might become little more than 'publishers of programmes.' There are free spirits who believe 'publishing TV' would be the best thing to happen in years. But, paradoxically, Kelly favours the existing big ITV companies, for all their greed for profits and exploitation of workers. In this, he is at one with ACTT, an allegedly left-wing union, which has pledged itself to massive industrial action should the Government try to set up the Open Broadcasting Authority – the radical 'publishing TV' endorsed by Annan and the Labour Government. What do Sapper of ACTT and Kelly want? The supreme orthodoxy of ITV-2. Mrs Thatcher's plan.

Kelly and company must face one fact: there is an element of complicity between management and unions in keeping TV as it is – petrified, with independent producers, new ideas, and freelancers locked out. And with a very high entry price so that new companies can't start up. It's an Albania solution. Society's development, in the long run, won't permit it.

JEREMY BUGLER

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Mighty medics?

Sir, I read with amusement Pauline Turner's letter (NS 9 February) on the powers of the medical profession in general and the BMA in particular. Perhaps she is unaware of the growth of alternative associations (eg the Junior Hospital Doctors' Association), which were born out of an increasing frustration at the BMA's impotence to influence DHSS policies in almost every particular. As for the rest of us, our representation is almost entirely limited to divisional, family practitioner and medical executive committees which have no power beyond sending recommendations to the Area and Regional Authorities for them to ignore.

Ms Turner's letter is a slur on the many of us who are passionate believers in the NHS and, whatever its deficiencies, will continue to work both in it and for it. If our only interest was to expand our scope for private medicine we should surely be pushing for NHS cutbacks in those areas where there are potential private patients to be had from the dispossessed NHS consumers. However, we do not want cutbacks at all, whether in Highgate of Bethnal Green; we do not want (nor have we got) a legal monopoly to practise medicine; we do not want the NHS to have a legal monopoly either, but we do want people to use the NHS for the same reason as people now use the medical profession – not because it is the only service but because it is the best service – and like all socialists I long to see the day when the NHS is just that.

I. G. VERBER

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Elton House
West Cheshire Maternity Hospital, Chester

Sir, I have a painful decision to make soon and since my reading of the NS has made my dilemma more acute, I think it fair to ask your readers to assist me. I qualified in medicine some 8 years ago and expect to move shortly to a Consultant post. I am happy about this, for I enjoy my speciality, in the clinics, in teaching and in research. However I feel almost totally isolated professionally for, especially as I become more senior, all my medical and paramedical colleagues have become more right-wing, whereas I am moving steadily, if slowly, to the Left. I see these colleagues exploiting the NHS as entrepreneurs. I see the extent to which the Service discriminates against the poor and inarticulate. I see the way in which the lay and professional administrators have become bureaucratised and regard patients as irritating incursions into the smooth running of the system. I see them take refuge in the pseudoscientific pomposities of their medical advisers and so fail entirely to develop any critical view. I am sick of it and I want to emigrate.

But should I? Britain has invested a large sum in me, from my public school education to the £12,000 (or so) that I have been told it cost to train me as a doctor. I long to take my place in a more just and democratic society in, say, Scandinavia, but I am aware that by so doing, the NHS loses an albeit unimportant protagonist – and I move from a rich society to a very rich one.

Stay and protest? I have tried it and it doesn't work. Have more faith? But the system is regressive, not progressive. The middle classes are moving in their thousands to the private medical schemes, the NHS budget is in real terms cut yearly and there seems no political will in any party to tackle the hard questions of health priorities.

NAME AND ADDRESS SUPPLIED

Beyond Camp David

Sir, Christopher Hitchens (NS 16 February) writes that Camp David 'has actually *destabilised* the Middle East', as though that region had been stable before, or stood much chance of being stable otherwise. Any clear analyst of Camp David would have seen that the response would initially be of anger, which was duly organised at Baghdad. But there is nothing wrong in thus finding Egypt and 'the Arabs' apart. Nobody should expect 'the Arabs' anymore than 'the Europeans' to be unitary in their interests or their policies; nor is Egypt with its millions of Coptic Christians, its need to relate to Christian as well as to Muslim Africa, and its long trans-Mediterranean links an Arab country like others more homogeneous in population and in creed. Where Egypt's interests do concur with others is in its need for peace. Only the PLO must oppose any scheme which does not fit in with its goals, which are not for some 1949 or 1967 border with Israel, but a total overthrow of Israel. Further, Arafat's recent conversations with Khomeini show what little taste he has for the secular democratic state ideal with which he has 'drenched in uncritical hype' (to borrow Hitchens's phrase) his sympathisers in the West.

Hitchens's version of Israeli policy that 'Bantustans are the best the Palestinians can hope for' neglects that in the Mandated territory of Palestine a Palestinian State has already arisen. Called Jordan, under an imported king, it took over West Bank territory after 1948 and the absence of international condemnation for this step showed that these people and territories were accepted as effectively a single political unit, expressing the identity and aspirations of the great majority of the Arab inhabitants of Mandated Palestine.

Certainly Camp David has polarised the Middle East. On one side are arrayed a cosmopolitan Arab state, a Jewish state, and some Christian peoples in Lebanon; these may hope for some covert Saudi, and (if they are wise) effective American financial aid. Against them are arrayed a variety of States which are by no means a 'fairly solid . . . bloc' as Hitchens terms them. They are united by a common hatred of Israel (rather than just a love for the PLO, which Syria and Jordan have fought). With time, the Palestinian state could recover much of the West Bank, even if Israeli politicians are now hostile to the idea. The region could then move towards a stable equilibrium between hostile interests, like that between the Germanies or the Koreas, and away from the pre-Camp David unstable equilibrium.

MALLORY WOBER

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London NW3

In praise of Hong Kong

Sir, May I reply to Mr Wheen's reply to my letter about Hong Kong (NS 16 February) – just the facts not the abuse – for Mr Wheen's information is badly out of date. Mr Wheen refers to competitive educational tests used to select children for secondary education in the public sector. They were highly competitive years ago but became less and less so as more secondary places were provided until the test was eventually abolished in 1977. As I said in my letter *all* children leaving primary school last summer were able to go on to secondary schools where there are no fees – not just a quarter of them as Mr Wheen said.

Wages cover a wide spectrum of occupation and I certainly was not referring to adult males in prime employment. I should be glad to explain how our wage indices are calculated from data referring to some 30 categories of occupation in monetary and real terms with and without fringe benefits and hear Mr Wheen's criticisms. Social wages are difficult to quantify hence my reference to a few other social statistics. The World Health Organisation regards infant mortality as one of the best indications of the

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general health of the population. Mr Wheen says I failed to mention rents. Rents in the private sector are high but nearly half the population lives in public housing at highly subsidised rents.

Both life expectancy and infant mortality rates have greatly improved over recent years until they are now slightly better than the UK rates. No doubt both do owe much to the Chinese family structure, as Mr Wheen suggests. Medical authorities think low infant mortality also owes a great deal to the fact that 81 per cent of babies are born in Government or Government subvented hospitals and maternity homes, and over 90 per cent of the babies are brought back to Government clinics for advice and attention afterwards.

The housing programme, which Mr Wheen mocks, started in earnest in 1954. Today nearly two million people live in public housing. Next financial year (from April 1979) we hope to provide public housing for about a quarter of a million people. Even at this rate it will be the mid-eighties before we shall have achieved our present aims to provide decent housing for all. In Hong Kong any people living in boats in imminent danger of foundering are provided with housing ashore (922 such people have been housed since 1977). Others must join the queue for they are not the only ones in need of the housing being built. Between 1960 and 1978 some 80,000 people living on boats have been resettled on shore by the Government.

A prosecution for unlawful assembly, which did take place, does not imply that demonstrations or public assemblies are prohibited. They are not. In the very crowded conditions of Hong Kong, public meetings involving crowds do however require to be licensed. The formalities are simple and well known. Meetings and demonstrations are held on all sorts of subjects. All this was explained to the people involved in the incident Mr Wheen describes, but they preferred to defy the rules and were duly prosecuted. The symbolic defiance was met with an equally symbolic court judgement. There is no difficulty over presenting petitions unaccompanied by marching crowds.

Finally, to answer Mr Wheen's last question, the Victoria Road Detention Centre is no more. The buildings were turned into a conventional prison some time ago. There have been no detainees for some years. In 1967 when there were riots and bombings in the streets in Hong Kong we did enact emergency legislation including powers of detention without trial. A maximum of 55 people were detained then: none are now. These powers were scrapped long ago. I repeat, we have no detention without trial.

D. C. BRAY
Commissioner

Hong Kong Government Office
6 Grafton Street, London W1

Sir, I read with very great interest the letter on Hong Kong by Commissioner D C Bray (NS 16 February). After the Korean War, I spent some years stationed in Hong Kong, and considered it epitomised the great disparity of wealth in this world between those who have and those who have not.

Up on the Peak were built the homes of the very rich, vast sprawling mansions equipped with all that money could buy. I, of course, did not spend much time among that section of Hong Kong society. My one contact with it was made when I asked a most beautiful suntanned blonde, clad in a very appealing black off-the-shoulder dress, for a dance in the Princes Ballroom in Kowloon. Her male escorts, moustached and clad in tuxedos, lacerated my sensitive working-class disposition with cultured accented abuse. The end result was a most glorious free-for-all, with the working-class Sappers beating those snobbish upper-crust tykes off the field. Hooray!!!

I was more at home among the shack-areas, and spent many hours down there, wishing I could speak in Cantonese to the local population. Conditions there made the slum areas of Glasgow – bad as they are – seem quite plushy by comparison. Over it all hung the most appalling stench, which made even my proletarian stomach, inured as it was to bad social conditions from the environment of my youth in Glasgow, feel decidedly queasy at times.

On moving out of Kowloon at Lai Chi Kok, one entered a malarial area all the way up to the Chinese border. The Hong Kong authorities never made any attempt that I discovered to eradicate this pest of the mosquito. Well, why should they? After all, they did not live there; but in malarial-free areas down in Hong Kong island, or the more salubrious parts of the Kowloon Peninsula.

What got me was the way they used to make so much of Hong Kong and Kowloon out of bounds to British servicemen. All the Nathan Road area right up to Lai Chi Kok on the left-hand side was out of bounds. Any British serviceman caught there by the ubiquitous red-capped MPs could look for twenty-eight days in detention for punishment. The big signs did not stop curious types like myself from wandering down there. I know why they did not want us to go to them. They did not want us to enter in case we found out the evil social condition existing there. It might have made us think that we were defending by force of arms a greedy and rapacious set of Colonial pigs, who despised us for our shattered working-class accents, yet would call out for us to go out and die defending their Colonial possessions in the event of a war with Communist China. Maybe the propoganda of the Communists would have been a whole lot more attractive to us, and made us desert like Marine Andy Condron, sick of the hypocrisy of British upper-crust types running society.

H. C. MULLIN

970 Maryhill Road
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The secret world

Sir, If no-one on the inside track replies to Duncan Campbell on electronic spies (NS 2 February), will you let an outsider remark that his handling of published evidence inspires little confidence? If he regards the admirable Group Captain Winterbottom's well-intentioned book as accurate, he has not got far into the subject.

One lie needs scotching promptly: the statement, recently a shibboleth of the fashionable left, that the CIA 'destabilised' Allende's government in Chile. D. A. Phillips, *The Night Watch* (Robert Hale 1977), shows it to be wholly false.

When may we expect a balancing article on the huge Russian expenditure in the same field of electronic espionage?

M. R. D. FOOT

88 Heath View
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Boyd's ploy

Sir, Anna Coote (NS 9 February) is either suffering from hallucinations, should change her informants or, better still, have come to me – she would have at least received the truth. There is no essential feature of my Union's amalgamation efforts with any other Union which hasn't been widely publicised to our membership and reported in detail to successive rank and file National Committees.

For five years now, my Executive Council has been doing everything possible to transform the present loose 4 Union federation into a coherent amalgam, *with a guarantee of the continuance of each section's identity*, but these efforts have repeatedly floundered because of: (a) Our National Committee's insistence that the rank and file must always be entitled to ballot vote for their full-time officials, and (b) TASS's resolute refusal to have any of their existing full-time officials subject to any election during their lifetime. During the past five years, TASS has substantially increased the number of their full-time officials with reasonably young people.

Yes, more than a year ago it was agreed by the NEC/4 Section to ballot vote the membership on the 'Worthing Proposals', despite the aforementioned impasse, but TASS reneged; hence, we who really want amalgamation can only progress with those who really want to amalgamate – hence the transfer of engagement with our Foundry Section.

JOHN BOYD
General Secretary

AUEW
110 Peckham Road, London SE15

Against slavery

Sir, I challenge Mr Paul Foot to produce one scrap of documentary evidence for either of his ridiculous propositions about Wilberforce (NS 2 February): that he stirred the conscience of the British nation about slavery for one reason only, that the chief beneficiaries of slavery were French; that he forgot his hostility to slavery when the French lost St Dominigue and the British set out to conquer it.

HUGH BROGAN

University of Essex

Spunky

Sir, With his first three sentences (NS Letters 9 February), Steve Berkoff manages to cram in 'raging, steaming beast', 'passion, guts, spunk (both kinds) and shit'. He also adverts to the 'birth and foetal mess of creation', and expresses a preference for 'full grown ogres' as against 'little spirits in trees'. Yet on his own showing he finds a NEW STATESMAN review 'as vicious as I have known anyone to be in my life'. Should such a tender and sheltered individual as this be trusted when he poses as a closet Hemingway?

F. CHATTERJEE

London E3

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Blow hot blow cold

I have, alas, to report a slight culinary mishap in the palatial kitchen, with its gleaming working surfaces, of 'Meadowlands', the imposing country residence of my Cousin Madge in our Devon village of Appleton. Wishful to prepare a trouble-free evening repast for herself and her household, she secured, on a lightning dash to the shop, one of those steak-and-kidney pies that come in a large round tin, the lid of which has to be removed with a tin-opener before it can safely be placed in the oven and the cooking process begin. At first sight the pie's pastry surface looks a little sullen and unresponsive but really hot heat transforms all and nothing but crusty succulence ensues. Suitable accompanying vegetables were prepared, together with a tasty gravy lavishly enriched with Bisto, after which the pie was lovingly laid on the oven's topmost shelf and at the heat recommended (400 degrees, or mark 6), the door was firmly closed and the 'Time-O' pinger gadget wound up and set to give its warning ping after the correct number of cooking minutes. My cousin, conscious of work well done, then settled herself down before the television-set in her sitting-room and became instantly absorbed, as which of us with taste and discrimination does not, in the splendid panorama of Life which calls itself 'Crossroads'. And not very long afterwards there was the sound of an extremely loud explosion.

Her first thought, keen viewer that she is, was that a major and very unexpected upheaval had occurred in the drama unfolding before her eyes at the Crossroads Motel (desperadoes holed up in Chalet 9 perhaps and now trying to shoot their way out) but then she realised that the noise had been a rather more local one and, pressing courageously into her kitchen, she found a scene of desolation as though her area had been suddenly visited by one of those natural American phenomena ('Hurricane Dulcie') with a misleadingly demure girl's name. The oven, with its door blown right off, was a tangled ruin and the pie, with who knows what desperate and last minute instinct of *sauve qui peut*, had hastily distributed itself all over the kitchen walls. Crockery had been shattered and littered the floor. And on a nearby table lay the tin-opener, unused and doubtless looking reproachful. Her thoughts elsewhere, my cousin had omitted to remove, despite the manufacturer's most clearly expressed and visible warnings, the pie's lid, and the relentless laws of physics had seen to the rest.

As it happens, I am no stranger, seasoned campaigner that I am, to such alarming occurrences. At the beginning of the war I was billeted in the Aldershot district with a very kind and agreeable family who, much as they must have resented military intrusion (I was masquerading as a Lieutenant) on their privacy, were polite enough to let no sign of it appear. They were, and it is the only word for it, dears. The family included an ancient male relative of the grandfatherly type who tended to retire early to bed and who liked to prepare his own supper ('a little eggy something on a tray') and take it upstairs with him. It was not always eggs, however.

He had one evening removed himself as usual and the rest of us were sitting about, sipping away at a heartening glass of best sherry-type and discussing why Hitler was not married ('A really good wife might have made *all* the difference'), when a deafening bang from the kitchen alerted us to the fact that grandpa had got himself into a bit of a muddle. In comparison with the many bangs that one was to hear later, this one could rank with the very best and on this occasion it was caused by a tin of baked beans that, recklessly unpierced and placed in boiling water, had exploded with grenade-like power and efficiency. The beans had, in this case, decided to hasten upwards and had spread themselves all over the ceiling, forming a pattern of great complexity and beauty and charm, as though a top-notch London decorator had been expensively at work ('Truly, my dear, you've never done anything finer'). As the beans were not yet a rationed comestible and therefore were, so to speak, expendable, the family's first anxious concern was, naturally, the cat. Deaf as a door-post, it had slept peacefully in its basket beneath the kitchen table throughout the entire affair. So *that* was all right. The bean-fancier too, who shared the cat's disability, had come through the ordeal with flying colours and was busily making do with sardines. We all felt that we had been blooded for the very worst that Hitler's bombs might subsequently try to achieve.

If the Devil has any sense at all, and there are no grounds whatever for thinking him in any way a fool, it is not with an excess of heat that his pitchforked staff and reception committee will greet us in the nether regions but with an excess of cold. Much nastier. I fancy, incidentally, that those of us who are clearly bound for down below (I have had a quite marvellous life and am extremely grateful but both my upbringing and the teaching of the Church lead me to think that I will undoubtedly have to pay for it in some way later on) are going to bump into a much more stimulating lot ('Why hello there, 'Attila!') than those destined for what one thinks of as the wing-and-halo section. Well, which would you prefer to face for an eternity of têtes-à-têtes, Nero or Grace Darling, Lady Macbeth or the Venerable Bede, Alfred the Great or Henry VIII, though I fear that these alternatives sound all too like those hectoring questions at O Level (State your reasons and draw a map)

And when it comes to the miseries of feeling really cold, I am quite sure that some older readers will agree with me that there are few chills in life to compare with a school dormitory in the depths of winter term, filled with cheerless rows of uniformly coverletted iron bedsteads and with snow on the window-sills and ice in the ewers, in a tremendously uncomfortable (and therefore tremendously good) public school. Roughly speaking, the more appalling and spartan the conditions, the higher the academic standard and the more expensive the school. No nation but the British would understand this and accept it as being quite reasonable.

Readers may, in their sympathetic way, be aware that Devon, hitherto a county of balmy breezes, soothing temperatures and weather conditions that favour almost exotic treats for the eye, such as Torquay's famed palm trees that are practically oriental in their splendour and the begonia-packed flower-beds of Teignmouth (during their brief periods of being unvandalised), has now become almost overnight a prime blizzard area, the first to welcome, if that be the really right verb, the snow and the last to say good-bye to it. What is especially irritating is that Cornwall (old enmities die, as you see, very hard) almost always gets off scot free. Why should Bodmin bask and Dawlish shiver? What has poor old Sidmouth, an outstandingly attractive seaside town, done to fare worse than Newquay?

Within the stately walls of 'Myrtlebank', all richly rose-clad during the summer months, we rely for heat less heavily on fossil fuels, as we now apparently have to call them (no oil tanker driver, unless just about to be certified, would brave my narrow lane), than on the ability of apple trees to, every so often, kick the bucket. Felled and sawn up by my highly valued colleague, Mr Bidder (aged a stalwart 82 and for diligence an example to all), they make the most agreeable and sweet-smelling wood for open fires. Nothing nicer. If there is what is known as 'a good fire going' I am apt to sit up past my normal bed-time (9.30 p.m., with a book) to enjoy it. With only a subdued light in the room, the flickering flames are a constant pleasure to watch. One is wafted back to what was one of the best and simplest of childhood's pleasures – going to sleep by firelight. Heat and happiness. Pat-a-cake biscuits and milk quietly digesting within. A teddy-bear (arm missing) for company. Warmth and security (not, sadly, the experience of many). And a light to keep the bogey-man away. I can only hope that my second childhood (not too far distant now) may hold a few pleasures as sharp.

Roger Woddis

Business as Usual

Britain is said to be reluctant to outlaw international business bribery.

We're most of us God-fearing men,
Who may be tempted now and then,
Not more than nine times out of ten,
To contravene the rules.
Fair dealing's what we advocate;
We're just as keen as you are, mate,
To play the game, and play it straight,
But we're not bloody fools.

It isn't easy to ignore
The practices we all deplore,
Though we should hesitate before
Conducting a crusade
These ills, it must be understood,
(We'd gladly ban them, if we could),
Though very bad are jolly good
For international trade

Corruption? That's a dirty word,
And contrary to what you've heard,
Of all our staff at least a third
Are pure in thought and deed
What's wrong with *Realpolitik?*
It keeps our pile of orders thick –
Excuse me, while I have a kick
At pay and union greed

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

David Caute

The Frank Harris of Socialism

The Last Romantic: A Life of Max Eastman by WILLIAM L. O'NEILL *Oxford* £8.50

Max Eastman was born in upstate New York in 1883. Apparently his arrival was a mistake: following it, intercourse between his parents, both of whom were Congregationalist ministers, ceased. Eastman followed his sister Crystal to Greenwich Village and became the greatest lover in the 20th-century Republic of Letters.

Max came to the Village just at the time when those charming diagonal streets, unbullied by the brutal set-square grid of Manhattan, were losing their strictly proletarian character. Round the central flame of Washington Square fluttered all manner of butterflies – Reds, Wobblies, bohemians, muckrakers, suffragettes, anarchists, socialists. Lincoln Steffens was lodged there, and John Reed in the room above. East European artists dreaming of dynamite went downtown to stare at Wall Street through pitiless cubist lenses.

Adopted by John Dewey, Eastman went up to Columbia to study and teach logic, aesthetics and the history of philosophy. Out of this experience he developed a poor opinion of philosophy and an exaggerated respect for science as a panacea – Lenin appealed to him as a wizard of human engineering. This respect for the iron fist of Bolshevism, for the cold calculus of necessary violence, represented the pacifist bohemian's self-abandonment to History. And it was always difficult to trust the judgment of a writer as flamboyantly handsome as Max Eastman. George Lichtheim called him the 'Frank Harris of socialism, an inspired amateur from the moment a girl friend explained Marx to him in three easy lessons'.

From 1912 Eastman edited *Masses*, culminating in the indictment of seven editors and contributors in 1918 for having conspired to obstruct conscription. One of the seven was John Reed, at that time in Russia observing the aftermath of the ten days that had shaken the world; another, the illustrator Art Young, fell asleep during the trial and then, on regaining consciousness, dashed off a sketch of himself slumbering, entitled 'Art Young on Trial for His Life'. Each time the national anthem was played outside the courthouse (it's not clear to me why this kept happening) the defendants leapt to their feet on the ground that Woodrow Wilson's imperialist war had become a progressive war once America and Bolshevik Russia found themselves fighting the same enemy. A disappointed mistress later hurled this episode in Eastman's face as proof that he was as fickle in politics as in love.

At a time when juries were regularly convicting radicals indicted under the Espionage Acts, with the Red Scare mounting in rampant hysteria, Eastman's all-American good looks and inspired oratory achieved a hung jury at successive trials. The Government abandoned its case. Now editor of the *Liberator*, Eastman published Lenin's 'Letter to American Workingmen' and praised the Bolshevik Government as 'humane and democratic', although he kept his distance from the ferocious tribalistic power-play of the demented Slavs who founded the American Communist Party.

In 1923 he embarked on a long, 21-month tour of the Soviet Union during a relatively clement phase following the Civil War, the famine, and war communism – this was the time when the NEP-men were briefly back in business and sympathetic foreign visitors were given a warm, if manipulative, welcome. Eastman enjoyed the political intrigue and the women, one of whom he married: he appears to have mastered the Russian language in bed, a point he made with obsessive fannings of his peacock feathers in his autobiographical *Love and Revolution*. Not a bad book, either.

Eastman emerged from his Soviet interlude with a rich literary haul, notably Lenin's secret political testament (which he flogged to the *New York Times*) and Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution*. Damned as a renegade by orthodox communists on account of his anti-Stalinism, Max also had to suffer periodic repudiations by his hero Trotsky. Following Eastman's brilliant exposure of Soviet cultural bullying, *Artists in Uniform*, this embattled biographer, poet, journalist and lover finally repudiated socialism and signed up with *Reader's Digest*.

The God had failed. He was one of those who had cheerfully excused the suppression of the non-Party opposition in Russia yet expressed shock-horror-outrage when the same implacable laws of human engineering were brought to bear on his own friends inside the fold. Partly propelled by a succession of polemical exchanges which involved his pride as much as they touched philosophical truth, Eastman hurtled across the political spectrum, embracing the anti-socialist pure gospel of Hayek and Von Mises (to accept a little economic planning is like asking a boa constrictor to swallow only half your cow), denouncing Roosevelt's war-time alliance with Stalin, and identifying Joe McCarthy as the most sincere anti-communist in the world.

The role of personal pride in political polemics is certainly one of the Steinerian gaps in our knowledge or, in simple language, an urgent hermeneutic stasis. It ranks alongside the history of walking and the history of crying as one of the many studies we just don't have. Every time I read the correspondence columns in the literary journals, the relentlessly self-justifying exchanges, I feel tempted to hurl myself into this urgent hermeneutic void – would Max Eastman have travelled all the way to William Buckley's *National Review* and the higher paranoia had not old friends snapped at his heels and baited him as an apostate?

Most ferocious of his polemical exchanges during his slow journey from the Finland Station back to Grand Central was one in the early Thirties with Sidney Hook, the marxist philosopher. I can only empathise with Max: almost 50 years later Captain Hook's terrible claw has ripped me bloodily apart across the pages of *Encounter* for having indicted the Cold War liberals for their role in the post-war purge of the American Left.

The purge, in fact, brought Max and Sidney closer together, although Max's manly enthusiasm for McCarthy struck Hook as unfastidious – one could perfectly well pursue the purge and hound colleagues from their jobs according to liberal principles, provided they were not what Hook called 'ritualistic' liberal principles. Professor O'Neill has found in the Eastman archives a letter from Hook urging Max to reply to a book by a ritualistic liberal, Robert M. MacIver, but without bringing untrammelled free enterprise into the argument, *please*.

In fact, as O'Neill points out, Eastman never engaged in the worst excesses of the purge: he supported the witch hunt but didn't practise it, didn't name names before Congressional committees; apparently he gave a deposition that Charlie Chaplin, despite his foolish politics, was not subversive. It would have been hard to hate Max, unless, perhaps, one had been one of the women discarded along the royal way. He had charm – and indeed personality may count for much in a literary culture where talent remains two-dimensional unless enlivened by some kind of physical encounter with Hemingway; Max had his in the late Thirties.

After that it was the *Reader's Digest*. The deal that DeWitt Wallace offered him must rank among the most advantageous in the history of freelance writing (another urgent hermeneutic stasis, I fear): a retainer of $10,000 a year in return for first refusal on anything Eastman might write, plus the normal *Digest* fee of $1,200 in the event of publication. Wallace persisted in keeping Eastman financially afloat for the last 30 years of Max's long life, and even paid a pension to his widow – a noblesse oblige approach which our fancy highbrow publishers might do well to imitate. Professor O'Neill pleads that Max didn't really sell out to the *Digest* since over-simplification – 'a little like talking to children' was how Eastman described the required style – had been his forte all along.

As a biographer, O'Neill certainly scores highly for tolerance – his is the bemused, gentle smile of the middle-of-the-road academic observing the wild excesses of the pirouetting artist. But O'Neill can't tell a story, admitting at the outset that he has made 'ideas rather than experience the focus'. And why? Because 'I am by profession an historian, not a biographer, more at home with abstractions than with people'. Oh dear. No one seriously interested in the history of ideas could profit from this book. The whole exer-

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID CAUTE's most recent book is *The Great Fear* (1978).

STEPHEN KOSS is Professor of History at Columbia University and the author of *Nonconformity in Modern British Politics* (1975) and *Asquith* (1976).

CHARLES CARRINGTON's *Life of Kipling* (Macmillan) was re-issued last year in a revised edition.

HERMIONE LEE teaches English at the University of York. She is the author of *The Novels of Virginia Woolf*.

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cise reeks of all those low-keyed, sterile graduate seminars where the more exotic figures in the cultural landscape – Communist poets who were also Surrealists, Futurist poets who were also Fascists – are buried under the flat, footnote-laden prose by which the academy tames life and finds excuses for its own existence.

Stephen Koss

The Last Ditch

The Diehards: Aristocratic Society and Politics in Edwardian England by GREGORY D. PHILLIPS *Harvard University Press* £12

Even at a distance of 44 years, George Dangerfield remains a hard act to follow. *The Strange Death of Liberal England*, although it created little stir when it first appeared, has had a vast influence. A bravura performance, it is a work that may be disputed but not dismissed. The ultimate tribute to its significance has been the frequency with which it has served as the starting point for subsequent investigations of the pre-1914 period, when 'liberal' values perished at the hands of militant trade unionists, suffragettes, and distempered Tories.

Historians have challenged many of Dangerfield's assertions about the debility of the Liberal Party, the nature of Edwardian labour unrest, and his characterisation of the women's movement and its leaders. But it has been left to Gregory D. Phillips, an enterprising young scholar, to come to the defence of the Diehards, those 112 peers who fought 'in the last ditch' against the Parliament Act of 1911. Dangerfield put them down as 'a horde of hereditary nobodies', and Dr Phillips has managed to qualify this assessment, if not quite to refute it. Prefacing his political narrative with a rigorous exercise in social analysis, he tells a more complicated story. Nevertheless, something is lacking. As conceded by John Grigg, himself an astute critic of the Dangerfield thesis, '*Strange Death* conveys to us with incomparable subtlety and skill the feeling of an élite losing control of itself and of events'; and Dr Phillips cannot compete on these grounds.

During the preceding generation of Unionist ascendancy, the House of Lords 'did nothing in particular and did it very well'. After the Liberal landslide of 1906, however, the peers – overwhelmingly Tory in their allegiance – were roused from their stately torpor to defend 'the lordliest life on earth', as Kipling celebrated it. The Elysian fields, where Disraeli had found refuge in 1877 as the Earl of Beaconsfield, became an armed camp. Determined to resist further encroachments of democracy, the more extreme peers 'were prepared to spill blood to achieve their goals'. Dr Phillips conscientiously strives to make their position intelligible, but he cannot make it either logical or creditable. His own rationalism gets the better of him.

Nor is he helped by his definitions, which are excessively restrictive. 'Diehardism' was not limited to those who, like Lord Milner, were prepared to 'damn the consequences' by torpedoing Liberal legislation. Rather it was a mentality that pervaded Tory ranks and extended to many without handles on their names. The editors of the *Morning Post* were drawn into the controversy on the coat-tails of Lord Bathurst, whose wife had inherited that organ of intransigence; but other publicists as well as *enragés* in the Commons fail to receive their due. To regard the Diehard insurrection as an exclusively aristocratic phenomenon is to see it in only one of its dimensions, which suited Lloyd George well enough. Yet neither Milner nor Roberts, who figure so prominently, genuinely qualify as aristocrats. For that matter, some of the bluest blood ran in the veins of the 'hedgers', who supposedly betrayed their heritage by bowing to the inevitability of parliamentary reform. The political and social categories overlap, but they are not synonymous. What emerges, then, is not the study of 'aristocratic society and politics' promised in the subtitle, but a work of more narrow focus.

Many of the author's conclusions are negative ones, and no less instructive for that. The Diehards were not the 'backwoodsmen' they appeared to their adversaries, although they often took perverse pride in that appellation. Most of them were active participants in the proceedings of the upper chamber, and many more were also deeply involved in local administration. Not a few had seen ministerial service (a surprising number as Liberals in bygone days), and a high proportion were Privy Councillors. While it may be gilding the lily to cite two of the 112 as former lords-in-waiting, the argument is convincingly put that, far from being individuals who 'habitually ignored national affairs', the Diehards included 'those peers, prominent or not, who were accustomed to thinking about and dealing with important and controversial issues'.

That much said, their thought was usually muddled and their impulses divergent. In their increasing quixotism, they were poised to tilt lances at any windmill. Their chief obsession was with imperial and defence questions, which they did not trust the Liberal politicians to grapple with. Their opposition to Irish Home Rule was implacable but, even here, they differed on tactics. Some were ardent Tariff Reformers, while others clung to the orthodoxy of Free Trade. For the most curious reasons, some supported women's suffrage, while others wished to restrict the male franchise. Haldane's army reforms were alternately welcomed and vehemently denounced. A few spouted half-baked theories of eugenics, about which 'the vast majority ... had nothing to say'. National Service appealed to Lord Milner, but not to Lord Salisbury, who perceived that Milner 'does not believe in freedom in this, or I suspect in anything'. All of them dreaded the menace of socialism, but several used it as an epithet for liberalism.

The Diehards were likewise divided on the subject of their own imperilled veto. A few, like the Duke of Bedford, entertained proposals to alter the composition of the House of Lords, which Lord Bathurst defended as 'the best possible House which could be devised by human beings as a Second Chamber for this country'. What united them was their presence in the same lobby on 10 August 1911, when they defied the Liberal government, their own party chiefs, and the modern world. Acutely aware of the disparities among them, Dr Phillips insists that 'the Diehards were selective, not total, in their resistance to change'. He brands them 'Radical Conservatives rather than simple reactionaries'. But their radicalism was itself simplistic, reflecting more their methods than their ideas.

Too much inclined to take 'rightist' slogans at face value, the author invites his readers to infer that the Diehards were noble in spirit as well as in birth, and that their principles transcended economic considerations as well as personal acrimonies. That does not always wash. Lord Saltoun, making excuses for civil war, seems other than 'eminently respectable'. If the treachery of the Diehard position seems to have escaped Dr Phillips, so too has the humour. Lord Willoughby de Broke, 'along with Lord Selborne the real leader of the opposition to the Parliament Bill', receives credit for 'a serious, sensitive side', which is nowhere exposed in his writings or speeches. Dangerfield described him as

> a genial and sporting young peer, whose face bore a pleasing resemblance to the horse, an animal which his ancestors had bred and bestridden since the days of Bosworth Field.

What might Dangerfield have done with the likes of Lord Muskerry, who lived on an anchored yacht in the Thames while he was 'the chief spokesman in the Upper Chamber on merchant marine affairs'? Dr Phillips, alas, accords him undue deference. One could have used less pomp and more circumstance.

James Fenton

Ragged but Right

Reviewing before the Edinburgh by DEREK ROPER *Methuen* £12.50

The *Edinburgh Review*, which began in 1802, is commonly supposed to be the first genuine literary periodical carrying independent and critical reviews. Before the *Edinburgh*, it is said,

> most of the critical journals of the time were either what amounted to publishers' organs, written by hacks who sneered or rhapsodised at their employers' bidding, or unscrupulous instruments of party politics, buttering or slashing up a book in accordance with its author's political affiliations.

The reviewers were at the mercy of the publishers. The publishers were at the mercy of the booksellers. It was all utterly corrupt, and very Hogarthian. Then came the 19th century, with genuine, disinterested, upright lit. crit.

I believed all this till last week, having been taken in by, among others, John Clive, whose work on the *Edinburgh Review* kicks off with just such an account of 'hacks and penny-a-liners'. John Clive, it appears, was taken in by Lewis E. Gates and his account of 'drudges and penny-a-liners'. Lewis E. Gates was taken in by John Forster's mid-19th-century life of Goldsmith. John Forster was apparently taken in by Smollett's denigration of the *Monthly Review*, written when he was attempting to set up the *Critical*. It is interesting to find that one has inherited a prejudice from Smollett. It rather bucks one. I shan't throw this prejudice away – on the contrary, I shall have it framed as an addition to my collection. If ever you're

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passing my way, drop in and have a look at it.

For the truth of the matter, as revealed by Derek Roper, is in this case rather duller than the prejudice. It turns out that the reviews of the late 18th century were largely written by the most qualified men in their fields, that the ethical standards of the editors were rather higher than those obtaining today, that there are comparatively few cases of important authors going utterly unrecognised, and that the overestimations of the reviewers are no greater than one might expect from any age. Good poets tended to get good reviews. Bad poets often got bad reviews. It was all rather un-Hogarthian, and by no means like Grub Street. Reviewers were not paid at a penny a line. They were paid by the sheet – 16 pages. They did not complain so much about the money as about the low standard of the books

This is a curiously engaged piece of scholarship. Mr Roper does not *like* the *Edinburgh Review*. He deplores its habit of using the book as an excuse for an essay. He likes journals in which a reviewer 'was expected to make the author, and not himself, the most prominent object of attention'. These early reviews were conceived as encyclopedic records of the contemporary state of learning. They went out of fashion when the volume of publishing became simply too great for them to manage. What came in their place was the kind of review which the *Edinburgh* exemplifies – selective, stylistically distinctive, political. Macaulay's essay on Milton, with which he made his name in the *Edinburgh*, reads today like a marvellous essay on Milton. In those days it read like a political pamphlet.

So what about the reviews which Mr Roper is so keen to defend? On the evidence presented here they were worthy, open-minded and dull. The word Mr Roper uses again and again about the good ones is 'satisfactory'. He even counts up the number of 'satisfactory' reviews and comes to the conclusion that of the 255 articles considered, 121 (or 48 per cent) pass muster. But what on earth is satisfactoriness supposed to be? Most reviewers treated the *Lyrical Ballads* with respect. Southey was critical. Of *The Ancient Mariner* he wrote:

> We are tolerably conversant with the early English poets; and can discover no resemblance whatever, except in antiquated spelling and a few obsolete words. This piece appears to us perfectly original in style as well as in story. Many of the stanzas are laboriously beautiful; but in connection they are absurd or unintelligible. Our readers may exercise their ingenuity in attempting to

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Norman MacCaig

Thorns

It's usual them.
Yet what is more friendly?
What says all the time
Stay here. Don't go away?

You prune roses for the roses' sake.
They say *Glory and honour*
as they die in a blue jug.

Their incantation is no less true
than the thorns' message
– that round, red bead
on your startled thumb.

FONTANA PAPERBACKS

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unriddle what follows. We do not sufficiently understand the story to analyse it. It is a Dutch attempt at German sublimity. Genius has here been employed in producing a poem of little merit.

Does this count as a satisfactory or an unsatisfactory review? Southey is quite right to say that the poem is unlike early English ballads, that it is, in literal terms, incomprehensible. It is surely fine that he should admit that he cannot analyse the plot – to admit this is to say something important about the poem. And might there not be an element of truth in the judgment, 'a Dutch attempt at German sublimity' – however unfair the remark may be to the Dutch? Would it not be a gross misuse of hindsight to dismiss the review on the basis of the last two words quoted?

No – what is unsatisfactory is the term 'satisfactory' used in this way. Southey is far more interesting in his rejection of Coleridge than those reviewers who perceived (correctly, we gather) that Charlotte Smith's latest novel represented a bit of a falling-off. Throughout this study, there is much praise of reviewers but little insight into their critical assumptions, the way these had developed and how they were finally challenged. Mr Roper makes it impossible to level the old arguments against the reviews. But he is fatally unable to make one feel that one has missed much through not reading the *Monthly*, the *Critical*, the *English*, the *Analytical Review* or the *British Critic*. The *Edinburgh* may not have been the first critical periodical. It does seem to have been the earliest to carry reviews which have stood the test of time.

Fair Play

Ethics in Sport and Education

with a foreword by
Sir Roger Bannister

P. C. McIntosh

This fascinating book poses the following questions, Does fair play have a future? and How real is fair play and how much is it a myth? Peter McIntosh has done a lot of research into this subject and many very interesting conclusions have emerged.

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The final section of the book deals with the difficult problems of moral education in relation to sport – the importance of actual winning in sport and the violence and dishonesty which are often the result.

cased **£8.50** net

Heinemann Educational Books
22 Bedford Square,
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Hermione Lee

Passion's Slave

Maud Gonne: Lucky Eyes and a High Heart
NANCY CARDOZO *Gollancz* £7.50

> Did you see an old woman going down the path? I did not; but I saw a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen.

Maud Gonne is a difficult subject for a biographer, and these lines, from the end of *Cathleen ni Houlihan* (Yeats's one-act nationalist play of 1902, the vehicle for Maud and the beginning of the Irish National Theatre), suggest the reasons. There could be no more romantic a figure. It's impossible to dissociate her from Yeats's language and from the grand, passionate, tragic status – Helen of Troy, Aoife, The Rose of All the World – which that confers on her. Even if Yeats had not loved and transfigured her, she would have been legendary. All who met her, it seems, even those who thought her unserious or self-advertising, were transfixed by her extraordinary tall beauty and her intensity. 'The Irish Joan of Arc', 'The Woman of the Sidhe' – it wasn't only Yeats who gave her heroic titles.

Her personality, her looks, her setting, her political convictions all lent themselves to big gestures, novel-worthy adventures. At 19 she ran away from a fashionable hunt ball; her host was letting his evicted tenants die. 'It was the evictions that transformed the vice-regal belle into an Irish rebel ' At 20 she fell in love with a fervent French Nationalist, Lucien Millevoye, dedicated to the cause of General Boulanger and to the overthrow of the Third Republic. He gave her a gun, and sent her on a secret mission to St Petersburg.

Such highly coloured dramas recur throughout her republican career in Ireland. Maud in 1898, urging ten thousand starving peasants in County Mayo to sack the town; Maud in 1900, leading a procession of 30,000 children carrying leafy branches through the streets of Dublin in protest at Queen Victoria's visit; Maud in 1906, just after her official separation from MacBride, quelling the hostile hisses of an Abbey Theatre audience; Maud in 1918 – at 51 – getting away from London (where she was detained under the Defence of the Realm Act) disguised as 'a poor Irishwoman hunched over her rosary': it's the stuff of romance. As a young girl on her own abroad, she bought a marmoset and called it 'Chaperone'. Later she had a Great Dane 'named Dagda, after the Celtic Sun God'; and she was famous for her canaries. Pound wrote drily in 1917:

> Yeats is back from Paris, bringing Maud Gonne, 10 canary birds, 1 parrot, 1 monkey, 1 cat, two members of M.G.'s family and the hope that she will lead a tranquil life.

Can any biographer, in the face of such legendary flamboyance, be as dry as Pound? The jacket of Nancy Cardozo's biography, all plum-coloured art-deco, with a photograph of Maud as a ravishing debutante, and a poignant subtitle from *The Old Age of Queen Maeve*, suggests that she does not mean to cast a cold eye over her subject. Such qualms are sometimes justified:

> Sure-footed as mountain goats, Maud's ragged little companions led her along the steep bluffs of Howth Head and gathered sea-gull eggs for her from the perilous cliff face where ghosts from the battles of the Fianna howled in the incessant wind, and old dreams of a French fleet come to rescue Ireland hung on the horizon.

There is a fair amount of such Celtic goo, and Cardozo does insist on Maud's romantic image at every opportunity. Her terms for relationships can be trite ('Faced with proposals from the demanding poet and the dependent Major, Maud clung to her freedom') and her character sketches rather too pat – Pound, for instance, is 'the scintillating red-bearded egotist'. But in spite of these stylistic weaknesses, Cardozo avoids most of the predictable pitfalls. She keeps carefully to her sources, and has written a thorough, scrupulous, level-headed biography, which is concerned throughout to place Maud's life in the context of Irish nationalism. Thus the biography involves, as it must, a detailed account of the bitter complexities of Irish politics between the 1870s and the 1940s; and it effects this clearly and soberly.

Maud's difficulties as an upper-class rebel from a British military family are forcefully described. Lucien Millevoye might use her for the Boulangist cause, but in the Dublin of the 1880s, 'a man's city', it was harder to join the revolution: 'at times she even wondered if there was any revolution for a woman to join'. Initially, she had to overcome the suspicions of leaders like Michael Davitt and John O'Leary – who accused her of going to Donegal, not in the cause of Land Reform, but 'to show off her new bonnets'. Later she faced Yeats's opposition to her militancy, and public disapproval of the separation from MacBride.

But criticism seemed to bounce off her. Her life story is a formidable document of resilience and determination. Her work for amnesty for political prisoners (in the 1880s and the 1920s) was effective; she publicised the Irish cause in France and America ('in the Great Democracy they loved Maud Gonne for being upper class'); she was a notable pro-Boer campaigner, and a crucial figure in the Irish woman's movement – as president in 1900 of her woman's nationalist group, the 'Daughters of Erin', who were particularly active in the campaign for school meals for starving children, and, during the Civil War, as organiser of the Woman's Prisoner's Defence League.

Maud Gonne's painful struggle to sustain the independence that made this work possible is central to the biography, though in her anxiety not to embellish Cardozo is almost too reserved about the three dominant relationships – with Millevoye, with Yeats, and with MacBride. The information is there, but no very deep analysis results of the inevitable failure of Maud's marriage, or of her 'spiritual' union with Yeats. Even so, the wretchedness of much of her personal life – her lung ailments, her unhappy sex life, the concealment of her daughter Iseult's illegitimacy, her reluctant exile from Ireland after the separation – comes through. And her dabbling in esoteric rites (surely the hardest side of Irish nationalism to swallow) makes sense when seen as a search for consolation after the death of her first child from meningitis.

It is a moving story in its own right – though of course the poems, particularly those on her

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old age, guarantee its poignancy. Yeats may increase the difficulty of the biographer's task, by making it hard to separate Maud Gonne from the poems. But it is the poems (as Yeats foresaw) which justify that task: they are what make us want to know the story:

Your beauty can but leave among us
Vague memories, nothing but memories.
A young man when the old men are done talking
Will say to an old man, 'Tell me of that lady
The poet stubborn with his passion sang us
When age might well have chilled his blood.'
Vague memories, nothing but memories.

Charles Carrington

The Kipling 'Mystery'

The death in 1976 of Mrs George Bambridge, Kipling's last descendant, caused a mild flutter in the world of books. A childless widow, reputed to be enormously rich, she had lived for 30 years, alone, in Wimpole Hall, the largest house in Cambridgeshire. Like all Kiplings she was secretive and hated publicity. A good friend to her friends, she devoted her widowhood to keeping up the style of the Hall as her husband had done during their happy married life, and to preserving her father's reputation.

Her will, and especially the disposition of the Wimpole Archives, aroused curiosity that was not allayed until the announcement that all had been left to the National Trust; it was followed by the decision of the Trust to deposit the Kipling Papers in the Library of the Sussex University. These proceedings met with general approval, and all the family papers, excepting some private diaries, which were destroyed under the terms of the will, are now available to scholars, in Kipling's own county, not far from his shrine at Batemans. Here is the end of a mystery that has enveloped the Kipling tradition ever since Rudyard's death, the legend that there was a secret hoard which might contain scandals or unpublished masterpieces. There were no skeletons in the Wimpole cupboard, no hidden treasures, but only what you would expect to find in the workroom of a literary man.

Elsie, of course, knew far more about her father's private life than any biographer. She was shrewd, lively, hard-headed like her mother before her, and most unlike her father's sister, the imaginative psychopath who was Lord Birkenhead's chief adviser. Brought up by governesses, Elsie had no formal higher education; she made no pretence to being 'literary'. But she was widely-travelled; she mixed in 'society', and held her own with her husband's diplomatic friends. When she was a child, her father told her the *Just So Stories* in the nursery. As a young girl she was 'Una' of the 'Puck' stories, in which she was much more strongly characterised than her brother. Later, her father tried out his difficult, obscure stories on her; she was what authors are always searching for, 'the intelligent general reader'. Devoted to his only surviving child, he used to write her charming letters, always using the pet-name 'Bird'. I shall now make a revelation. Between the nursery and the adult world, she had missed his middle period and never looked back at it. She was not a voracious reader and confessed to me that she had never read *Kim*, which in those days was regarded as an adventure story for boys. In the eyes of the critics, it is now Kipling's literary masterpiece.

Only three persons knew the truth about the Wimpole Archive: Miss Cecily Nicholson, the secretary who had arranged and (where necessary) re-typed the documents with devotion and professional skill, and the two authors, Lord Birkenhead and the present writer, whom Elsie Bambridge successively admitted to her confidence. All three were bound to respect her restriction on revealing secrets, though each of the authors had been encouraged to take away bushels of papers for private study, on loan. Those who regret the destruction of Mrs Kipling's diary may be consoled by the assurance that I have deposited copious extracts from it with the University (where, of course, it is protected by copyright). There are yet some future gleanings. *Kipling's Horace* has already been issued in a limited edition (by Methuen), and extracts from his letters and travel diaries may be worthy of publication.

A secondary consequence of Elsie's death was the lifting of the 'ban' that had been laid upon Lord Birkenhead, forbidding him to publish the biography that he had written at her request. His death, in 1975 and Elsie's in 1976 put an end to further restriction. It is now common knowledge that the Birkenhead draft was at least the fourth attempt to write an approved Life of Kipling. The first and third attempts, by Hector Bolitho and Eric Linklater, had been abandoned because the authors could not come to terms with the Kipling family; the second and fourth had been rejected as unsatisfactory by Elsie Bambridge. On the second candidate, Taprell Dorling ('Taffrail'), little information is available, but the fourth attempt, by Birkenhead, has been drenched in publicity.

Then came a pause until, in 1951, I suggested to A. P. Watt, the agent, that I might have a go at it. Being myself a publisher I drew up my own contract, inserting a clause to ensure that I could not be summarily dismissed like 'Taffrail' and Birkenhead; but no such problem arose, because Elsie and I were in general agreement about the handling of her father's *Life*. We argued powerfully but we never quarrelled. Her contributions to my book have been much praised by the critics, and I asked her to put her name on the title-page as part-author. A Kipling to the end, she retained her independence.

Why, then, had the Birkenhead draft been so rudely rejected? I see this simply in terms of the generation gap. Though he was only ten years younger than Elsie and myself, we were pre-war and he was post-war. We had been brought up in Edwardian England, when the values now associated with 'Kiplingism' were the commonplaces of the British peoples. To us, Duty, Loyalty, Service and Efficiency were virtues not jokes. We did not doubt that

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HAMISH HAMILTON

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British India was something to be proud of, that the Boer War was fought against a racialist oligarchy (strange how the lefty-trendies have swung backwards and forwards on that issue). Chapter by chapter in his book, Birkenhead rejects the assumptions about politics and morals that came naturally to Elsie and me; and, accordingly, he dismisses about half of Kipling's songs and stories as negligible from the superior point of view of the dismal 1930s. Birkenhead is of the school of a Lytton Strachey de-bunker. He can see nothing in Kipling's cockney soldiers but 'incorrigible vulgarity'. Of the poem 'If', which was translated into 27 languages and was recently selling 70,000 copies a year, he writes that it is 'laughable and nauseating' to a 'more cynical generation'. How could he have ever dreamed that Kipling's daughter would give her approval to such a composition?

When it at last appeared, his publishers did no service to Birkenhead's memory by advertising it all over London as 'THE BOOK THAT WAS BANNED'. It is not the book that was banned. The introduction states clearly that the rejected draft was revised by the author in the 1960s, a fact that is proved by the evidence that he quotes from my book (1955) and others of later date. One of the objections Elsie mentioned to his draft was his treatment of her own childhood. Whatever this was, Birkenhead removed it, replacing it with a description taken with acknowledgment from my book. This was not enough; there are other passages about her mother that no daughter could have approved in print.

I conclude by saying that I do not condemn the Birkenhead Life as a bad book. On the contrary, I have read it with delight and have profited from it. The book is beautifully written, accurate in matters of fact, picturesque in style, percipient. Kipling is nothing if not a controversial author on whom widely different opinions may peacefully coexist.

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Blake Morrison

Quis? Ego!

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'Classic': the word is much bandied about, but does not always elicit the required response. For many it immediately suggests something of disconcertingly large proportions. In others it produces feelings of guilt and omission: like ageing relatives, classics ought to be visited more often than they are. Still more avoid the term as if it stood for something slightly disreputable: hasn't it something to do with élites and hierarchies and unacceptable social orders? Frank Kermode's *The Classic* (1975) was a valiant rescue-attempt. It refashioned Eliot's stuffy-suit version of the classic (the work of a 'mature' writer in a 'mature' civilisation) so that it looked much nattier, eye-catching, Parisian: the classic becomes a text with 'inherent plurality' and a 'surplus of signifier'. Brilliant salesmanship, but the suspicion persists that the term lacks any useful meaning.

This week, though, sees the reissue of two early 20th-century novels which do deserve their classic status. Despite its restricted availability both in the original Russian (first published in 1916, then revised in 1922, it has not been reprinted in the Soviet Union for forty years) and in English (a 1959 edition exists, but is inadequately translated and badly abridged), Andrei Bely's *Petersburg* has already achieved quite a reputation. In Nabokov's Modernist hit-parade it comes in at No 3, pipped only by Joyce's *Ulysses* (to which it is often compared) and Kafka's *Metamorphosis*. Nabokov liked it, presumably, because it is like him: the Shandily digressive narrator, the allusiveness, the preoccupation with 'style' – these are qualities associated with the author of *Ada* and *Pale Fire*. But *Petersburg* also occupies a crucial place in the development of the Russian novel: Bely's Symbolist affiliations had him striving to create a text which, rather than relying on narrative and in-depth characterisation, would be held together by the repetition of certain sounds and motifs. The best and most haunting example is his repetition of the sound 'oo', which evokes more powerfully than could any 'rational' analysis, a sense of impending social revolution, 'the sound of some other world':

> 'Oooo-oooo-ooo' sounded softly in the suburban fields of Moscow, Petersburg, Saratov ... Have you heard this October song: of the year nineteen hundred and five?

A text so dependent on sound – Bely has said that the story-line came afterwards and involuntarily – poses serious problems for the translators, and though Robert Maguire and John Malmstad attempt always to provide English equivalents, it's inevitable that much will be lost. They try to compensate with profuse annotation, but this isn't wholly a success either: three pages of notes to one of text makes a discouraging start to any classic, and the editors would have done better to have dropped some of their information altogether (do we really need to be told who J. S. Mill was, or – when Bely happens to mention 'a white Petersburg night' – that the city is located 59° 57′ N. lat. and 30° 20′ E. long?) and to have reserved much of the rest for their forthcoming critical study. But *Petersburg* survives all the same, not the least because (and this isn't sufficiently emphasised in the introduction) it is tense and exciting in the best narrative tradition.

Sibilla Aleramo's *A Woman*, first published in 1906, is a very different sort of classic, one revived less for aesthetic reasons than for political ones. The title says it all, promising that in what the unnamed narrator tells us about her own life – her childhood obsessions with Father, her early and unhappy marriage to a businessman-bully, her love for her son, her need to have a fulfilling career – is to be found the story of any woman at any time, an archetypal female quest. Though 'of its own time' (there are references to contemporary Italian politics), *A Woman* speaks with peculiar force at present: in the endless introspection of the heroine – 'Why do we idealise sacrifice in mothers?', 'Was I merely to be used as an object of pleasure?', 'Were these truly my sisters?' – are many questions asked by feminists of today.

It is to be hoped that in all the talk of its 'relevance', the contradictions and failings in the novel won't be missed. The heroine's lamenting of her lot doesn't always earn her the reader-sympathy she wants; she lacks insight into others; and she's virtually incapable of dramatic narration. Yet this fallibility is also what gives the novel its power: it is, in the most painfully obvious way, written from the heart. Technique would look too cold: the shambling confessionalism and absence of novelistic 'distance' guarantee the text's authenticity. The translator, Rosalind Delmar, dignifies this with talk of Lacan, of 'the central organising I/ego', and of an 'array of mechanisms for identification and projection'. But the key to *A Woman* is that both heroine and text are so often on the verge of falling apart.

Steven Millhauser's *Edwin Mullhouse* is not a classic, but it poses as one. Subtitled 'The Life and Death of an American Writer, 1943-54 by Jeffrey Cartwright' and first published in America seven years ago, it looks at first like a none-too-subtle piece of academic-bashing. In a pretend-introduction, one 'Walter Logan White' tells how he stumbled on this 'major American biography' in the mid-Sixties, and he compares it to Boswell's life of Johnson. But the biographer, Jeffrey, was a schoolboy; and his subject, Edwin, died at the age of eleven. There are a few good jokes to be had from this – Edwin's Early, Middle and Late years, his unrequited love-life, the tiny-tot influences on his masterpiece *Cartoons* – but not the kind you'd want to spin out for over 300 pages. As the novel progresses the impression grows that

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Millhauser must be up to something else (showing the splendour of childhood, so strange in its blend of fantasy and fact, etc), and there are certainly disturbing implications in the ending, with Jeffrey efficiently fixing up the 'suicide' which will bring his biography to a close. But you'd have to be a devotee of whimsy to chase up the novel's serious point.

It's left to Anne Redmon to provide the only noteworthy new novel of the week, with her story of two women terrorised in their London house. In theory it is Maud's life that the maniac Arthur is out to get; but such is the undertow of the novel's symbolism that it always seems likely that the meddling Beatrice will take her place. When attention falls on Arthur, and on the women's fear of him, *Music and Silence* is solidly observed. A pity, though, that the combination of music and romance (much of the novel is an account of Maud's love for her cellist-tutor) should have otherwise competent novelists taking leave of their senses. We had this last year with Ronald Harwood's *Cesar and Augusta* (Franck pounding away at his passionate Organ) and a similar, if more ethereal, plucking of heart-strings can be heard here:

> As he tuned, I caught a quiver of the promise of the thing's deep, jewelled tone. I was too rapt to judge the instrument's age or maker. Alba cast his eyes modestly down the fingerboard ... I stood, rooted and watered by a sense of the compassionate ...

It sounds like a case for (Ms Redmon's horrid invention, not mine) 'the cold douche of reality'.

Jonathan Keates

Of the Earth

The Great Lover: The Life and Art of Herbert Beerbohm Tree by MADELEINE BINGHAM *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95

Certain people, one feels, should be offered the chance of re-hashing their last words. So often the banality of these curtain speeches, in relation to the life of which they form a last articulate expression, gives additional pathos to the actual business of dying. Chekhov, for example, quaffing a deathbed bumper of champagne, simply said 'I'm dying' in German to the doctor before turning his face to the wall. Saki, crouching in a trench on the Western Front, was heard to mutter 'Put that bloody cigarette out' as the Boche sniper picked him off. Even Goethe's celebrated 'Mehr licht' is meant to have had purely practical implications. They ought all to have been allowed the chance to emulate the Rev. W. A. Pruen, rector of Fladbury, Worcestershire, who in 1844 at Stratford dropped dead in the pulpit before the assembled congregation, with the words 'The Lord pardon this neglect of duty'.

Herbert Beerbohm Tree was one of the unfortunates. His final utterance, 'Will you open the window?' was seized on in a funeral address by the Bishop of Birmingham, who took it to imply that 'Sir Herbert felt the first freshness of the atmosphere of Paradise'. Tree's paradise was, as this latest biography demonstrates, emphatically 'of the earth earthy'.

His career, for a start, was the great paradigm of late Victorian theatrical success. At Her Majesty's, built specially for him in 1897, with its perfect acoustic and the innovation of a flat stage (others had been raked, allowing props to roll down to the footlights) he stunned audiences in a kaleidoscopic change of roles. Never much to look at – weak-chinned, puffy-lipped and pouchy-cheeked – he prevailed through a meticulous study of make-up and facial expression. As Caliban he wore pointed ears, specially designed teeth, webbed hands and individually applied warts. His Svengali, in *Trilby*, which became one of his regular warhorses, was so good that, according to W. S. Gilbert, you could smell him from the stalls. For Falstaff, he suggested a fat man by the lines of his face, without any extra padding.

Tree, as an actor manager, belongs irredeemably to his period in a way that his younger contemporaries, Craig, Poell and Granville Barker, do not. The productions mounted at Her Majesty's displayed a constant confusion of authenticity with good taste, reminiscent of those huge, solemn and dreadfully worthy canvases by followers of Leighton and Alma Tadema. *Henry VIII*, chosen for the Coronation year of 1910, ran to nearly a hundred costumes, all carefully approved by the star, and sported colossal sets. *The Tempest* had one of those real shipwrecks which were a house speciality, with the mariners getting drenched and the vessel sinking. There was a ballet, with Cupid leading troops of children, and Prospero's epilogue was cut so that Tree could wind up the evening as Caliban repining on the shore, while the ship sailed away with the assembled cast on board.

Offstage, Tree was an affable flibbertigibbet. Unmethodical though not unbusinesslike, he had the restlessness typical of his profession, and something of this characterised his bizarre private life. It is to his credit that he managed, not only Her Majesty's – its alternating flops and triumphs cushioned by his vigilance – but also a wife and two mistresses, with children to match. Lady Tree, the actress Maud Holt, a fine old upstager compensating for marital failure with laborious social manoeuvres culminating in her husband's knighthood, emerges as a wry, melancholy creature, bullying governesses and spoiling her daughters. On Beatrice May Pinney, whose eloquently drab name somehow embodies her enduring shadowiness, Herbert sired six children, including the film director Carol Reed. As for Constance Collier, talented, ruthless and egotistical, she began as she meant to go on, barging in on Tree for auditions which ended, presumably, in his cosy garconnière in the dome of the theatre.

The products of these three liaisons have effectively stymied Madeleine Bingham, having forbidden her, for reasons not made clear in her introduction, to quote directly from family material (some of it, in fact, already published) and quite clearly barred her passage to much else of interest. The result is a distinguished fragment of theatrical biography, in which she does her best with the left-overs. However, those who recall her excellent Irving biography, published last year, will be disappointed in this latest venture. The greasepaint veneer successfully encloses the man; but perhaps it always did.

Robert Conquest

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temple smith

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Ian Hamilton

Gooks Tour

The Deer Hunter (X) *ABC Shaftesbury Avenue, Studio*
The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith (X) *Rialto, Classic & selected local release*
The Passage (X) *Leicester Square Theatre*

'Hey, what did *you* do? Win the war all by yourself?' Robert de Niro is back from the wars, his uniform dripping with medal-ribbons, his flesh-wound healing nicely. The neighbours in his Pennsylvanian steel-town are understandably impressed. 'We read about you in the papers.' 'Well done, congratulations.' Knowing as we do that *The Deer Hunter* is about the Vietnam war, are we meant here (with irony) to register a reference to Errol Flynn, to scoff at the admiring neighbour because he doesn't seem to realise – and we do – that this losing, shaming war is not to be thought of like the wars Flynn used to handle? Well, in a way we are – and yet, we're not. And this is the kind of equivocal response permitted us throughout this much-applauded, indecisive film.

I suppose every country, every culture is as good as its last war – at least in terms of international esteem. The Germans could live (or learn to live again) without war films, but it's different for the Americans. For 20 post-war years they were the most anxiously boastful of nations. They also knew how to distribute their boastfulness around the globe. What now? If *The Deer Hunter* is anything to go by, it will be some time before we know. The film exhibits a surface of unease about Vietnam, but in no essential area does it yield one boastful inch from the sort of stance that any pre-Vietnam American war film would casually have struck. It pretends to, and may even have wished to, but it doesn't.

Principally, it's a tale of individual heroism, and also it is a vehicle for a proved box-office star. Three steel-town boys are called away from their richly ethnic (Russian-derived) community life to face the horrors of Vietnam. Home town camaraderie is established by two well-tried devices. There's (a) the wedding party which *everyone* attends and which provides singing, dancing, an easily glossed-over ugly incident, and much drunkenness. This, come the dawn, shades into (b) the hunting trip embarked on by five bantering, hung-over buddies; they squabble, appreciate the scenery, relish the familiar challenges, feel utterly part of a team. Swelling choruses accompany de Niro up the breathtaking mountain slopes to nail the proud stag he's after with a single shot. 'It has to be a single shot,' he insists to his not-quite-so-expert chums.

We remember this axiom, as we are meant to, when the shooting suddenly shifts to Vietnam. Michael (de Niro), Nick (Christopher Walken) and Steven (John Savage) are the three who go; their over-age or over-weight friends are left to face the hazards of blast furnaces and local bars. Almost on arrival (at any rate, on *our* arrival) the three are in Vietcong custody, locked in a bamboo cage and one by one called on to amuse the VC's by playing solo rounds of Russian roulette. In the film's most hair-raising set-piece, the trio crouch in their cell watching their co-prisoners blow their own brains out. Steven is on the brink of cracking up, Nick is paralysed by fear; only de Niro keeps his cool. He steadies Steve's nerves by reminiscing about the clean mountain air of home, and he bullies Nick into collaborating with him on a wholly improbable escape plan – which works. One resolute unarmed American takes care of half a dozen machine-gun toting Nips. The usual scene.

After much swimming, climbing, and running – with de Niro always propping up his faltering friends – they make it back to Saigon. Nick and Steve are irrevocably scarred by their experience; de Niro has his private thoughts, no doubt, but they serve merely to add substance to his taciturn screen presence. Indeed, when he takes his medals home, he can't relate to the locals ('I feel far away'); the old gang does its best – even Nick's girl-friend tries her hand – but nothing's quite the same. We know this because when de Niro goes hunting he comes face to face with a stag and deliberately shoots wide. Like us, he wants to know what happened to his friends. Having tracked down the legless Steve and persuaded him to discharge himself from the embittered Veteran's Hospital, he returns to Saigon to collect Nick. His return coincides with the American retreat – but here again, while thousands of distraught Vietnamese clamour and riot, our gaze is focused on the single purposeful American. Yellow throngs evaporate at the movie-star's approach; junks sink beneath their screaming loads, over-burdened helicopters wobble back to earth, and everywhere you look Saigon is exploding or ablaze. What kind of man is this, then, who superhumanly, and in the interests of comradeship, seems barely to acknowledge the surrounding chaos? Nick is tracked down, of course, and – although I won't reveal his medical report – is miraculously whisked back home. Writer-Director Michael Cimino does not reveal how de Niro copes with the Cooks on this one. He is anxious to have us back with the strangely stunned community in Pennsylvania, and to have key local figures gather round a table in the old bar and (bitterly? catatonically? defiantly?) do a rendition of 'God Bless America'. Robert de Niro joins in but – as throughout the film – does so with minimal facial movement. Hell, what *is* he thinking?

The Deer Hunter has some hard-to-look-at scenes – guns really do make the kind of noise they really make, and blood almost always chooses to spurt rather than trickle – and some excellent individual performances. De Niro has perhaps been told too often that he has a certain baleful power, but Christopher Walken turns in some of the best acting that I've seen on the screen for a long time.

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith is a rather spun-out fable of aboriginal discontent, and would not have attracted the attention it has were it not of Australian origin. Perhaps when it is agreed that the Australians can *make* films, we will be allowed to call their products average, above average, or even not too good. *Jimmie Blacksmith* has one horrible scene, when the malcontent axes up some women and children, but in other ways its heavy-handedness is less spectacular. The white Aussies are repulsive, the aborigines are mysterious-repulsive. Jimmie is somewhere in the middle – he is a mission-abo; he has lost touch with ancient rituals, but his whitey ambitions are thwarted at every turn by prejudiced employers. His killing spree ends with him taking as hostage a white but worldly-wise school-teacher. The teacher is the good liberal, the civilised colonial; and Jimmie's brother, who accompanies them, is the bona fide native who paints himself and does traditional dances. Both are shocked by the extent of Jimmie's rage. Presumably, the thought is subtly two-edged: either leave the natives alone, or educate them decently. Otherwise, you get the chop.

In *The Passage* the blood-letting is of Nazi vintage and the locale Franco-Spanish. Anthony Quinn is hired to guide a famous scientist (James Mason) across the mountains, but the mission is complicated by Mason's insistence that he brings along the wife and kids. Their pursuer is a semi-comic SS psychopath (Malcolm MCdowell). Quinn slices up Nazis, MCdowell tortures resistance workers, but it soon settles down into a mountain-slope pursuit job.

Sport

Russell Davies

Crossed Lines

The football season has got going again, and once more the rusty telephone lines from the provinces reverberate, or whatever they do, to the sound of top reporters 'putting over their stuff'. An exhausting process this, for anyone with even a stub of conscientiousness: a desperate search for lively phrases ('On a pitch which resembled, aah . . . a badly-drained paddy-field? No, that was Molineux last week . . . an uncooked meat loaf? . . . a molten Marks and Spencer's Corn Crisp? . . . no, too technical . . . a badly . . . paddied . . . drain-field . . . oh *God* . . .'), followed by an anguished exchange of non-homing mouth-to-ear missiles with a distant copy-taker no more interested in football than you are in the indoor cultivation of yams ('That's right, "The ball was with Withe". That's Withe, W.I.T.H.E. with an e. Not Withaney, no. Like, er, Smythe, only without the S and with an i for igloo instead of y for, er, yam. No . . . no . . . look, let's say "Wither" without the r. No, not with *or* without, *wither* without . . . oh *God* . . .'). It's a couple of seasons now since I let myself in for this sort of thing, but vividly sweaty memories remain of such brain-bashing verbal sprints through team-sheet and dictionary. It is a very quick way of losing

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one's self-respect – especially when one wakes up the next morning to discover one is credited with having said that 'on a pitch which resembled a madly-trained paddy-field, the gongling Wetherby frequently came to grief'.

The environment, in such moments of panic, makes a strong subliminal impression, so whenever the name of a football ground comes up in conversation or on the air, I tend to picture it empty, or emptying – or, classically, dotted here and there with the kind of free-range yobs who linger behind after a game to test the power and gurgliness of their strangled hyena cries against the monster echoes of the great stands. The effect of their impassioned but meaningless Lear-like howls on one's sentence-structure was usually catastrophic (and something of the same terrible disorientation can be seen, weekly, trailing a cloud of sorrow momentarily across the beaming, kindly-salesman features of Barry Davies as he tries to tell us, amid the wails of the lonely Tarzans of the terraces, how it all turned out). The two things worse than this that can happen are a) that somebody switches the floodlights off, understandably, but includes all the other lights in the process (there is nothing a non-smoker can do about this; smokers simply fish out the Swan Vestas and get striking); or that b) there is no phone. This is the nightmare, the primal scream of the Voice of Sport. You can book phones in advance, but if you're not a regular, they may turn out to be non-existent, double-booked or failed; and you may trust to luck and an abundance of lines on the day – in which case, the match goes by in a lather of dread lest the receiver be removed, dropped, seized by some senior tabloid hero, or, worst of all, locked together. Most agency phones have locks in them whereby the two parts of the machine can be fixed immovably together, for exclusivity's sake; it is no fun to find that the booker who so breezily took you on at half-past two has gone home by ten past five, having chastity-belted his equipment up for another week.

The ground at Dartford, in Kent, was a memorable one for many of these reasons – being, for a start, about as far from the local station as a football ground can very well dare to be, and having, to all appearances, no phones at all. I seem to remember that there was, in the end, a coin box somewhere under the stand, practically in the dressing-room; but that I sat through a rainy cup-tie (Plymouth Argyle were the visitors) in miserable unawareness of the apparatus's existence. I expect the misery shows through in the report I filed (I remember the Mayor of Dartford sat behind me in the stand, rattling his chain, as it seemed, derisively) but I haven't looked it up, for fear of finding that I wrote off Paul Mariner, who was playing that day for Plymouth ('the gongling Merriman frequently came to grease on a pitch which resembled nothing so much . . .').

But on the whole, now that I come to think of it – and it only takes one Saturday-afternoon shudder to set off another, I find – the worst hazard of match-reporting must be the crossed line. It is hard enough to get through in the first place, what with reversing the charges and all, so one can't just put the phone down and start again, for fear of losing precious minutes. All one can do is ask one's accidental line-sharer to get off, please. On the one occasion this has happened to me, at Spurs, I struck unlucky: a teenage wiseacre who was enjoying himself too much to abandon his role in the three-way conversation. 'Perryman robbed Macari in midfield,' I would intone. 'Oh yeah?' came the unwanted voice. 'In midfioo, was it?' 'And took the ball to the edge of the box . . .' I continued. 'Ee bloody didn't,' chuckled the voice. 'Ee bloody fell over it. Bloody fell over it, ee did, bloody Perryman. Wod ee do next then, eh? EH?' And the worst of this was that even though I was convinced he hadn't been at the match, I wasn't altogether sure that the horrible little squirt was wrong. He had certainly twigged, all too quickly, that this was a Report, not the Truth.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Tale of a Tub

The Long Voyage Home *Cottesloe*
The Archangel Michael *Crucible, Sheffield*

Eugene O'Neill could be ingenuous, repetitive, overwrought and all things offensive to the class of reviewer, common enough today, who strikes attitudes of civilised disdain whenever the thermometer rises a couple of decimal points above its statutory 98.4. But it is for the essential truth, the size and the power of his characters' emotions that we remember him, commodities at least embryonically apparent in the four apprentice plays bravely and successfully revived at the Cottesloe. These derive from his experience on the British cargo-boat that took him from destitution in Buenos Aires to dissolution in New York not long before the Great War; and some of the same characters, notably a pugnacious but benevolent Irishman named Driscoll, appear in all of them, members of the crew of the SS *Glencairn*.

In *The Moon of the Caribbees* this dingy steamer, moored in the West Indies, is visited by black trollops bearing baskets of booze. *Bound East for Cardiff* has her in a fog six days off the Welsh coast; *In the Zone*, entering waters supposedly infested with German torpedo boats; and *The Long Voyage Home*, berthed in one of the grottier stretches of London circa 1914. Life for the seamen would appear to consist of boring grind, occasionally relieved by a debauch, a fight, or a death. An upper-crust weakling and wastrel – conceivably based on O'Neill's memories of the poached eyes and spongy tongue he himself saw in the shaving-mirrors of his overstretched youth – mopes under an orange moon for the girl who rejected him. Later, his envious shipmates mistake the box in which he keeps her love-letters for an infernal device planted by the Huns, and he is tied up and humiliated. A Swedish sailor, off home to his aged mother, is shanghaied in the East End. An American, badly injured by a fall from a ladder, expires in or near the arms of his best friend, the ever-present Irelander.

This last episode occurs in *Bound East for Cardiff*, not the best of the four plays but the one that best displays its author's talents and failings. It hasn't the subtlety and resonance of the *Moon*, or the painful conflict of *In The Zone*, or the tension of the *Long Voyage*. Moreover, some of the audience felt that its protagonist took an unconscionable time a-dying, if one was to judge by the fidgeting in the theatre and the jaded mutterings over the interval rosé. And yet Dave King, slumped on his back, and Niall Tobin, hovering uneasily over him, are able to wrest surprising pathos from lines whose banality is, in a way, their strength:

> This sailor life ain't much to cry about leavin' – just one ship after another, hard work, small pay and bum grub; and when we git into port just a drunk endin' up in a fight, and all your money gone, and then ship away again. Never meetin' no nice people; never gittin' outa sailor town, hardly, in any port; travellin' all over the world and never seein' none of it, without no one to care whether you're alive or dead. There ain't much in all dat make ya sorry to lose it . . . It must be great to have a wife, and kids to play with at night after supper when your work was done. It must be great to have a home of your own, Drisc.

A hundred Hollywood movies have reduced such scenes and sentiments to everyday tooth-rot. But if they are seen with as innocent an eye as it nowadays is possible to muster, there is surely something authentic in their guileless bewilderment. For myself, I found this small deathbed drama unexpectedly touching, down to the American's last request, which is for his friend to buy 'the biggest box of candy in Cardiff' for a barmaid who once slipped him half-a-crown.

Though O'Neill does not press the analogy, and is perhaps unconscious of it, the SS *Glencairn* may by the evening's end be roughly identified with the SS *World*. At any rate, the four plays cumulatively convey what his later work was to elaborate: that we're trapped in a tub and shaken sick and silly by forces outside our control or comprehension; that we are, so to speak, at once the dice and the forfeits in someone else's game of chance; and that, if a mainly malign fate doesn't shipwreck us, we are conscientiously quick to destroy ourselves through some concatenation of personal inadequacies. It is a bleak vision, but one which Bill Bryden's production and Hayden Griffin's shabby-steel sets earth, if that's the word, in a precisely observed context of ladders, bunks, oilskins and seadogs. Indeed, the acting comes as near to ensemble excellence as we've seen at this address, with such as Brian Glover, Trevor Ray, Bill Owen and James Grant, as well as the more celebrated Jack Shepherd, giving performances that manage to be both strong and unselfish. My only quibble is Mark McManus's hijacked Swede, whose exaggerated umlauts don't always create the effect of sweet simplicity they presumably aim at. Too often, he sounds like Eccles of the old Goon Show, gingerly projecting his vowels round a prune-stone.

I caught the late Georgi Markov's *Archangel Michael* at a rehearsed reading above the Court, with Will Knightley and Joseph Blatchley giving the good people of Sheffield every reason to expect much when the production opens there on March 8. It's a somewhat abstract piece set in an unnamed 'European forest' and involving an encounter between a policeman and a doctor, one trying to outwit the local insurgents, the other on his way to help them. The debate that follows has its stimulating, even its gripping moments, and those who, like myself, find it hard to respond enthusiastically to strongly emblematic characters should at least be struck by the

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ending. The policeman has been shot and the doctor has put himself back into his power by removing the bullet. Now the doctor claims his freedom by simply walking away, whereupon he is shot by the policeman, this time dead. In effect, the Bulgarian Markov was dividing Eastern Europe into the oppressors and the healers, neither category able to escape the role thrust on it by circumstances. It was an ominous insight, because he himself was manifestly a healer and, like his doctor, was murdered for being so. The play he left behind proves it a loss in more ways than one.

Television

Julian Barnes

Up

'Do you mind if I start – I mean, continue?' It wasn't only the LCC architect who seemed confused during the discreetly rowdy, blame-shifting and over-populated discussion which rounded off BBC-2's *Where We Live Now*. But out of it emerged one queasily confirming insight about architects and one extraordinary statistic. The insight came when Sir Hugh Casson claimed that one of the greatest single factors in female liberation this century was the invention of the self-starter, so that women no longer had to get a man to swing the car if they wanted to go to the tennis club – a remark which served to remind us that the architect's perception of human reality can be as distorted and unreliable as, say, the novelist's. The statistic was that 91 per cent of a sample of tower block inhabitants said that they were happy where they lived.

So what? Well, the crunching gloss was that the sample consisted of top-floor inhabitants of the infamous and despised Glasgow piggeries. Brutal modern blocks may offend the eye and ruffle the writerly writer's view on the 'human scale' to which architecture should stick, but they're very often an improvement on what went before; there's no point lamenting the loss of human scale if part of that scale includes anthill overcrowding, bad sewage, and high crime and disease rates. We can complain about the new and probably foreseeable social evils tower blocks produce (though as Sir James Richards observed, these are in part the fault of local authorities for skimping on back-up environmental facilities which architects specify); but we needn't be smug or romantic about the areas they replaced – areas no middle-class writer or planner would be seen dead in (though might possibly be found dead in).

'Five Writers Look at our Surroundings' was the elastically worded subtitle of this series. Perhaps everything has to be made up into a series nowadays if programme planners and foreign importers are to be persuaded of its value; but the word 'writer' was pretty loosely interpreted, and there seemed a lack of tautness in overall editorial control: if the films struck sparks off each other, it was usually accidental. Why, one wondered did Christopher Booker get twice as long for his film as everyone else? And precisely what difference was being implied between the first four films, which were 'written and presented by' various writers, and the fifth, which was merely – or rather, grandly – '*with* Raymond Williams'?

The films were a mixed bunch. After Booker's polemical rant, ending in 'those dark realms of the human psyche' (which we were enjoined to scour if we wanted to find out why we build what we do), Michael Frayn, back in his leafy home suburb of Ewell, shinned up trees, peered beakily over fences, and stood around like a wry, uneasy heron. It's hard to compete with the memory of Betjeman's *Metroland* romp, but even so Frayn's film – which straggled like a ribbon development – came across as oddly uncertain in tone, tipping over into a whimsy that seemed more than mimetic ('People say there are foxes here: there may be lions and tigers too'). There was some entertaining footage of things like the 'sunburst' front gates of this *Pennies from Heaven* land, and some good memories (of being appointed gang scientist by Diana Gibson – the names always stick); but for a childhood-revisited film it seemed a bit tight-lipped and retentive.

The next two programmes brought more professional insights. Colin Ward declared the new towns (32 of which have been started since the war) the best thing in planning; and most of those who lived there agreed, except for the tobacconist's assistant who, asked what Liverpool had that vandal-free Runcorn lacked, replied forthrightly, 'Traffic'. Patrick Nuttgens then provided the informed, enthusiastic rebuttal of most of Booker's sneers, as well as correcting some of his errors. While admitting the crisis of confidence in modern architecture, and the problems which result from its no longer being labour-intensive, he conveyed the profession's excitement and adventurous successes, pointing to several splendid (if not unpredictable) achievements: the Oasis pool at Swindon, the Ipswich building society headquarters behind its shimmering green curves of glass. Finally, Raymond Williams, batting for the writerly writers, rounded off the series in lyrical-authoritarian mood with a patchy guide to how cities have both screwed up and falsely idealised the countryside.

Three general conclusions suggested themselves. The first is how much better professional planners and architects are at understanding and describing the environment than professional writers (not that this means they make good decisions); they are more modest before their subject, and less inclined to fall for a modern, urban version of the pathetic fallacy. Secondly, all the films – apart from Ward's – were at times curiously grand and distant about the consumers of buildings. Booker included some touching Movietone News footage of people saying how much they liked their new block of flats (there was a reek of the cowed gratitude of first-generation council tenants). But the self-starter viewpoint wasn't dispelled by these films. Nuttgens, for instance, ended with enthusiastic approval of a London primary school which was, he explained, really just an open space which was up to the kids to 'complete' (this is clearly the opposite of the old system, where you built a whole school and then let the kids 'destroy' it). The design, he went on ardently, was a simple, plain – in fact it was that of 'a standard agricultural shed'. Even those of us who find children piggish and overrated must have felt such treatment to be on the harsh side. Thirdly, *Where We Live Now* gave us a useful reminder of how flexible the camera is, how, even faced with a tower block, it can flatter and wheedle for one director and mock and sneer for another. Booker showed us the laughably brutal penguin pool at the London Zoo, and we momentarily had doubts; Nuttgens restored it to light, airy, elegant beauty. Such chance contrasts suggested a lively project: why not get first a modernist and then an anti-modernist to film and examine, each in their separate ways, the same few selected buildings? It would tell us a lot about TV as well as about our environment.

Meanwhile, what are we to conclude about Alan Bennett? His series of plays came to an end with *All Day on the Sands* (LWT), a wan and intermittently amusing prospect of seaside boarding-house life, with one agreeable if over-used invention: an intercom system over which the technophile owner jauntily chivvies his clientele towards the Portofino Room, the Marbella Lounge, and so on. The day after, *The South Bank Show* (coincidentally LWT) had a rather unadversarial Bragg letting Bennett and his producer Stephen Frears meander away about how nice it was to work with each other and how super it was to work with Lindsay Anderson.

Bennett's line on *The Old Crowd* now is that the play was always a collaborative effort which in no way traduced some original intention of his; as for the alleged emasculation of his text, 'I said Lindsay had taken out the jokes – that was a joke.' A dangerously hermetic kind of joke; but then Bennett wasn't easy to fathom. Is he very malleable: as Frears put it, 'Alan is rather generous in not being possessive about his work'; or is he a little self-deceiving? And isn't there nowadays in his creation of character something more than a touch patronising? (There certainly was in his mimsy-ironic reading of a selection of 'Disgusted, Tunbridge Wells' complaints from

This English

It is sometimes said of the Indian newspaper industry that its journalists are not news-hounds so much as scribes. Well, we packed off a monitor for an investigative tour of the sub-continent – and he found the journalists to be as deficient in transcription as in most other departments. But we can match them slip for slip – a homophone and two misplaced appositions playing havoc with people's private lives. £5 (plus expenses) for Mr Parthasaratby, £2 for the others printed.

☐And so with abetted breath we await the New Year and what '79 holds in store for us. **Nitish S. Rele** *Cinélink* ☐ As an actor he has seized to grow **U.N.T.** *Morning Echo, New Delhi* ☐ The old year has peeled out. **Kerala Law Times** (A. Parthasaratby)

☐ Gay Guy, 23, attractive, slim, straight looking, seeks similar over 21 (non-camp) for discrete relationship. **Small Ad** *Time Out* (Jemima Poler)

☐ President Tito, the 86-year-old Yugoslavian leader, has divorced his wife of 27 years and married, for the fourth time, an opera singer. *Guardian* (Susan Ljunggren)

☐ Wee Georgie Wood, the last of the big music hall stars who triumphed over the disadvantages of being 4ft 9½in tall, has died. *Guardian* (J. M. Walton)

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bored and irritated viewers.) Most worrying, though, was Bennett's evident belief that the widespread dislike of both critics and public for *The Old Crowd* is a reliable signal to him that this is the direction his future work should take: 'To some extent the hullabaloo confirms me in what I want to do.' Fair enough that Bennett should ignore the critics – but against that, critics have always been extremely kind to him. They're likely to be expressing not malice, or hatred of experimentalism, but a sharp self-interest in their own future pleasure, which isn't a despicable motive. Bennett might beware the obstinately beguiling syllogism which goes, 'Many significant works of art cause a hullabaloo; *The Old Crowd* caused a hullabaloo; therefore. . . '

Opera – 1

Peter Conrad

Colour Blind

Die Zauberflöte *Covent Garden*
Dido and Aeneas/Les Mamelles de Tirésias *Coliseum*

August Everding has said that *Die Zauberflöte* is about the quest for a lost paradise. The designs of Jürgen Rose, his collaborator in Covent Garden's production of the opera, provide him with a pair of alternative paradises: the bleak lucid architecture of the age of reason, and the numinous haunted landscapes of Romanticism. Sarastro and his colleagues, costumed like an 18th-century constitutional assembly, inhabit a neo-classical temple, but the trials of Tamino and Papageno take place in an overgrown, ruined garden. Representing self-control and the rectified will, Sarastro exists in a world of black and white. Light renders his temple transparent, and inside it the freemasons are ranked in a silhouetted row. The journeys through fire and water are also staged in silhouette, the denial of colour and dimension implying an abstinent allegorical severity. But elsewhere this *Zauberflöte* is luridly colourful. The Queen of the Night hangs orbed in a spangly blue sky, or strides from a silver lake, while a mountain range flushes violet.

The stylistic contrariety admits to Everding's uncertainty. Is *Die Zauberflöte* an initiatic mystery or only a gaudy fable? At times the production is piously reformist. Pamina and Papageno step forward to deliver a lecturette on conjugal trust, and the house-lights are raised to startle us to attention. Tamino wins an evolutionary victory by subduing a tribe of frolicsome apes with his flute. The conclusion is amended to supply the random metamorphoses of magic with a moral purpose. Tamino, like a premonitory Parsifal, in this production deposes Sarastro and assumes power in the temple. But at other times Everding reduces the action to a charade. The Queen's ladies are high-society vamps, voluptuously mauling the collapsed Tamino. The three boys begin as pomaded clones of the infant Mozart, as imaged on the wrappers of Viennese candies. Later, to save Pamina from suicide, they shed their courtly uniforms and change into sailor-suits. When rescuing Papageno, they trip on nattily re-outfitted in *lederhosen*. Everding begins by attempting to establish the meaning of the opera, but ends by inventing new and ever more outlandish jokes. Papageno and his bride expire in an orgy of polyphiloprogenitiveness: their children arrive as soon as they're wished for, and are to be accommodated in a tree which is a dormitory furnished with duvets.

For all its confusion, the production is beautiful to look at, and the musical performance is impeccable. The conflict between hieratic gravity and comic grace, unresolved by Everding, is reconciled in Colin Davis's conducting. In accordance with Everding's desire to make the work a rococo *Parsifal*, a pair of Wagnerians has been smuggled into the cast: Donald McIntyre as the Speaker is a frock-coated Wotan, remonstrating with a rebellious Siegfried; Alberto Remedios, imprisoned inside his armour like Parsifal in the third act, is thrillingly heroic in the chorale which precedes the trials. The outstanding assumption, however, is Thomas Allen's burly, bumptious Papageno. Not content with dominating the stage, he shins up the proscenium, tunnels out from inside the prompter's box, and tries to dodge away from Sarastro by sneaking down into the orchestra pit.

Both works on the Coliseum's double-bill are disfigured by their producers, *Dido and Aeneas* by the symbolic pretensions of Ian Watt-Smith, *Les Mamelles de Tirésias* by the lewd knavery of John Copley. *Dido* is designed as a geometrical conundrum. The lovers are locked inside a charmed circle, ringed by a hooded chorus. Over their uterine circle hangs a flying triangle, which does duty as a gold roof for the court, a louring sky for the hunt, a black tent for the witches, before finally moving in to impale Dido like an airborne dagger. Instead of a relationship between characters, Watt-Smith presents a war between diagrams.

Sooner Watt-Smith's geometry, however, than Copley's gimmickry. Poulenc's music changes and magnifies the scatty anarchy of Apollinaire's play. Though Apollinaire's Thérèse is no more than a surrealist transvestite, Poulenc's is a secular saint, a martyr to love. His later operatic heroines, Blanche in *Dialogues des Carmélites* and Elle in *La Voix Humaine*, embody love as sacrifice and expiatory suffering; Thérèse commends love as comic fructification. Copley, missing the point, makes her a shrill little termagant with balloons for boobs, queening it in a gay cabaret. His production is a circus of sado-masochistic fetishism. The men are tricked out in kinky jockstraps and suspenders, and strangled by bunny-girl bow-ties. One of the chorus members has had his nipples pierced for the occasion. A baby is trussed in a diaper with a penile padlock, and equipped with a dummy which I suppose is a displaced butt-plug. The journalist's newspaper overcoat helpfully lists ads for saunas. The theatre-director, whose noble prologue argues that art must create a complete, thronging, fictional world, just as Thérèse in her epilogue encourages the audience to complete and enrich the natural world by making love and multiplying, is obliged to understudy the leering effeminacy of Joel Grey in *Cabaret*. Still, Copley's impertinent travesty can't hurt Poulenc's witty and often lyrically solemn score. Nor does it impede Norma Burrowes, who is a brilliant Thérèse.

Opera – 2

Andrew Clements

Ending Up

Lulu *Paris Opéra*
Lulu *Decca* £12.50

After so many words and so many frustrated hopes, the Paris production of *Lulu* at last presents Alban Berg's opera complete. It is as close as we are ever likely to get to the composer's original intentions. The background to Friedrich Cerha's preparation of the previously unperformed third act and the accompanying legal hassles have been well enough aired in the British press during the past few weeks. The essential facts are that Berg had completed the *Particell*, or short score, of all three acts of *Lulu* by April 1934. The music of this version was fully realised; the details of the instrumentation were sketched in. The rest of the year was devoted to orchestrating the first two acts and the first 268 bars of Act 3, but he interrupted work on the full score to begin his Violin Concerto which he finished in the autumn of 1935. He died of blood poisoning on Christmas Eve of the same year.

The operatic torso he left was thus relatively complete; to anyone thoroughly conversant with Berg's style, the task of finishing the job would have been straightforward. Apart from the section of the third act finished by Berg, two further fragments were orchestrated separately as part of a *Lulu* Symphony which Berg extracted from the opera in 1934 to bolster his finances. All these pieces were connected by the complete *Particell*; only one or two subsidiary ensemble parts required fleshing out.

Here, however, Berg's widow Helene stepped in to forbid any completion of *Lulu* by another hand. It seems her reasons were complex and are only now coming to light; certainly they were not entirely musical. The terms of her will tried to extend the prohibition after her death in 1976, and the Paris Opéra still risked the legal wrath of Helene's executors by planning to stage Cerha's complete edition.

But the coherence and balance of the opera present the best possible case for disobeying the terms of Frau Berg's will. Previous stagings, which have either performed merely the two completed acts or added a cobbled-together version of the available Act Three fragments, did considerable violence to the obsessive symmetry with which Berg planned the work. The libretto is fashioned from two of Wedekind's plays, *Earth Spirit* and *Pandora's Box*, and the action splits into two mirror halves, separated by a palindromic interlude between the two scenes of Act Two. The Lulu of *Earth Spirit* is a predator; the Lulu of *Pandora* a victim. The three husbands whom she destroys on her ascent in the first half return as her clients in the last scene of the opera. (Berg directs that these three dual roles be taken by three singers only.) The one husband that she loved, Dr Schoen, is equated with her murderer, Jack the Ripper. In the complete three-act version her killing of

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Schoen becomes the fulcrum of the action – an irresistible rise is countered by an inevitable fall.

Cerha's Act 3 sounds nothing less than completely authentic Berg. It is entirely of a piece with the previous two acts and will henceforth surely be regarded as an integral part of any production. The act is constructed out of two scenes which run for about an hour and are linked by the orchestral variations on Wedekind's own *Lautenlied*, familiar from the *Lulu* Symphony. The first scene, set in a salon and gaming room in Paris, is a welter of harshly observed upper-class characters and their hangers-on, against whose machinations the Marquis, a pimp, tries to lure Lulu into prostitution; she escapes by a farcical change of clothes with the Groom. Musically, the scene is dominated by the Wedekind tune; it is first heard, unadorned, played by a solo violin when the Marquis sings his 'Pimp's song' and reappears twice in altered chromatic form during the course of the scene before forming the basis of the interlude. Berg's use of a diatonic tune in a twelve-note context is of course familiar from the Violin Concerto, where a Bach chorale emerges out of the textures of the final section. But here the process is reversed; the tune appears first and is then absorbed into the twelve-note music until at the end of the interlude it is carried over into a pathetic, banal, barrel-organ melody that introduces the final scene in London. Lulu is now a prostitute, forced to support Alwa and Schigolch and still obsessively shadowed by the lesbian Countess.

For this final scene Berge abandons the 'classical' closed forms which structure the rest of the opera for a scheme of a gigantic decelerando: the basic tempo is gradually slowed down as the action moves inevitably towards the final catastrophe. Lulu receives three clients, mirroring her three husbands of Act One. The first is a Professor; the second, a Negro, kills Alwa. The third is Jack. Here the music starts to congeal: Lulu's descent, at one time as apparently irresistible as her rise, grinds remorselessly to the depths.

If *Lulu* really is the 'morality' that Pierre Boulez suggests in his essay in the Paris programme, a kind of expressionist *Rake's Progress*, then it is a fable of the most savage and uncompromising kind Wedekind's heroine of *Pandora's Box* is the Countess; selfless in her love for Lulu, even when mocked and rejected, she gives her life in an attempt to save Lulu from the Ripper's knife and finds consummation only in sharing her death. Berg treats her most touchingly (his own sister was a lesbian) although he identified himself with Alwa – a writer in Wedekind's originals, a composer in the opera – and gave him the most beautiful, luxuriant music.

The team that gave Bayreuth its centenary *Ring* now gives the world its first complete *Lulu*. Patrice Chéreau surrounds the heroine with a bevy of neurotic males whose weaknesses the impulsive Lulu mercilessly exploits. He rejects most of Berg's impossibly prescriptive stage directions and encourages his designer Richard Peduzzi to create a captive world of black marble, glass and chrome, and towering, threatening staircases. The final scene is set, not in the London attic that Berg specified, but in a huge public lavatory, with a row of washbasins relieving the oppression of the black marble.

Pierre Boulez conducts with characteristic briskness, whipping through the interlude as though glad to be free for the moment of the inconvenience of supporting singers, but even Berg's most saturated textures are lucid and clearly articulated. Teresa Stratas is a uniquely human Lulu, small of voice on the first night, but exact of pitch and clear of tone even in the highest registers. She acts superbly. Her Earth Spirit compensates for a lack of physical size by extraordinary exuberance.

Originally CBS intended to record the complete opera with the Paris cast after the run of stage performances, but the threat o legal action was too much and the session have apparently been cancelled. For the time being, then, Decca's recent recording of the original two acts is the recommended version Its chief glory is the playing of the Vienna Philharmonic under Christoph von Dohnanyi an authentic Bergian, yet Anja Silja's heroine deserved documentation even if vocally it is past its best. Where in Paris Stratas soared ecstatically, Silja sounds forced. Here is a more calculating, less spontaneous Lulu at her best in Lulu's self-justifying song of Act Two; Brigitte Faessbender's Countess is disappointingly hard-toned. The greatest opera of the 20th century urgently needs a readily available complete recording, matching, I hope, the memorability of its Paris premiere

Andrew Motion

The Main Characters

First

It is ending like any other
midwinter day: with no sunset
but one slender stripe of green
becoming grey, and the shadows

hardened on that bare bough
which knocks my window pane.
The visitors have gone, and now
outside the hospital, a road

is faintly audible again –
its murmur emphasising silence
endlessly. Such ordinary things;
and yet, when every night could

be the last, what else appears
to show me constancy? With time
the grieving of my friends
and even family must lessen

in their altered lives, and all
my loyalties be nothing more
than this familiar view of twilight
darkening a tree for different eyes.

Second

After the nine years you took to die
I stand by your empty grave, alone
in the first freedom of despair.
No longer your patient listener,
now I can speak as myself – and say

how night after night I left you
lying asleep in that stale ward,
for someone whose love was nothing
but company. Can you believe me?
Can you forgive what you never knew?

Or must I be always your husband
admitting his guilt? Looking ahead
I see time we expected to share
can never be lost. Whether I change
my friends, my home, or even myself

its pattern will stay – reminding me
all my original choices are buried
here in this powdery earth, making
whatever I put in their place an echo
of trust you offered, and I betrayed.

Weekend Competition

No 2555 **Set by Victoria Plumb**

The colour supplements are currently full o features and adverts inciting us to foreig travel. So it's time for a variation on an old favourite: misleading information for tourists but this time abroad. Unreliable hints fo visitors to Paris, Venice, Russia, China Majorca, or any other pleasure spot. Write them short or long, but 150 words max; by 16 March.

Result of No 2552 **Set by E. O. Parrot**

We asked you for versions of the NS's 'Londo Diary' such as might have been written ha the Diarist been around at earlier, crucia historical times.

Report **by Dan Dougl**

Do we conclude that you comp entrants ar chiefly aficionados of the back half? A distres singly large number of you misread the rubri and wrote anyone's old diary for 1066, 1789 1914, and so on, as if you hadn't ever set eye on the original. That wasn't very hard, was it What we were wanting, of course, was for yo to ironise that special timbre of the Diary - informed, wry, biased, at times a littl parochial – against the grand events whic were taking place. So we're rather disap pointed with you this week; and though th payout doesn't drop to the insultingly lo level of some rival mag which we shan't nam here, it's still, I'm afraid, only a coroner' apiece.

Mainz Diary: 1450

☐ The lockout at Johann Gütenberg's Bible Work is into its third month. You'll recall he closed dow when he couldn't get agreement on introducing ne technology which would make most scribes an some illuminators redundant. He also wants to en what he calls 'medieval' working practices superannuated calligraphers, for instance, are kep on the payroll simply for the purpose of punctua tion. Gütenberg, who calls himself 'Renaissanc Man' (though nobody has the slightest idea wha that means) appreciates that it could be a long hau back to his former circulation of 12 Bibles a yea Some fear he may be forced to sell his new 'presses and young William Caxton has a scheme to insta them in Westminster Abbey. 'I would assign th workers to separate chapels,' he confided, 'an appoint a Father of the Chapel to speak for eac That should put the fear of God into them.'

MICHAEL LEAPMA

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Paris Diary: 1792

Interested to discover what occupies the minds of the local Knitting Circle as their fingers clack away at the foot of the guillotine, I sat in. One cheery old biddy observed that the age of each victim divided by the number of knitters present at decapitation was mathematically constant at $\sqrt{5}$, and that this figure, multiplied by *pi*, and added to the number of steps leading up to the machine, invariably equalled the number of stitches in the last row completed before execution. '1789 is also interesting', she added. 'The sum of its digits is 5^2; this equals the sum of the digits of 17×89 (1513 = 10), *plus* the sum of the digits of that first sum *minus* 89 – 17 (1441 = 10), *plus* the number of digits on my hand (5).' No-one believes her or me, but if you know of a revolutionary year with such interesting mathematical potential, let me know.

WILL BELLENGER

Athens Diary: 399 BC

It becomes increasingly impossible to keep track of what has come to be known as 'The Socrates Affair'. Few of the lawyers I have lunched with in the packed tavernas that have sprung up everywhere around the foot of the Acropolis have any idea what the outcome of the trial will be. The charge – 'Conspiracy to corrupt the young men of Athens' – controversially invokes an archaic law dating from the days of the pre-Periclean regime. It is rumoured everywhere that a number of other leading philosophers are to be called into the witness-box; but everything is likely to centre on the testimony of Scoto, the pale young man whose allegations blew the lid off the whole affair, and whose pet wolf died mysteriously soon afterwards, after gnawing a bone laced with hemlock. Meanwhile, Socrates has declared his intention to remain and face the charges; but most observers believe that, whatever the verdict, his philosophical career is now in ruins.

PETER NORMAN

Rome Diary: 44 BC

The weather here has been quite uncharacteristically *bruto* (no disrespect to the ever-popular Marcus B.) for March and people report seeing the most frightful things walking abroad at night. If they're even half as ghastly as some of the sights you see walking the streets during the *day*, they must indeed be terrifying. Calpurnia's latest face-lift has done little to remind us that she was Miss Ostia 17, while her forceful hubby looks increasingly like a Before Man in a skin-cream commercial. The 64,000-denarius question is, of course, whether J. C. is indeed king-size. Constant innuendoes in Nigellus Dempsterus' column of a bisexual tie-up with Antony have done little to burnish his image with Mr and Mrs Middle Italia. Nor does his arcane sense of humour exactly win friends. His latest funny, sending the notoriously emaciated Cassius a voucher for four free weeks in a State Slimming Farm, went down like a wet circus.

MARTIN FAGG

Persepolis Diary

Whatever one thinks of his policies, there is much to admire in Tamburlaine's great flair for putting on really splendid triumphal marches. He had everything going for him, of course: the weather was ideal; there were plenty of assorted captives, and, by the time the day came, rape had declined to a mere trickle, and that only in the back-streets. So there was little to distract the bulk of the populace from the matter in hand. The fashion writers had a field-day, for there were samples of almost every national costume from the Near and Middle East, but I do wish Willie Hamilton had been there to see all those Royals in cages. There was gold and other treasure by the ox-cart-load, so much that I thought for a moment we were having a preview of one of Lord Kagan's nest-eggs. There is no doubt in my mind that pillage still pays handsomely.

PAT BLACKFORD

Tony Miles

Chess

No 122 **England Qualifies**

England have again qualified for the finals of the European Team Championships. After their results against Wales (14-2 and 12-3½ respectively) England needed to avoid losing to West Germany by more than one point in the final match to go through. With a true sense of occasion, we achieved exactly the necessary 7½ points.

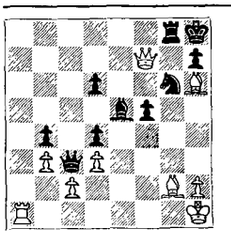
The first round was particularly bloody, with no less than six decisive games. First Nunn crushed Darga, then I lost miserably to Hubner, and Keene fell to Pfleger. In the time scrambles at the end of the session Webb beat Borik but Mestel embarrassingly left a mating combination on in a good position against Lobron. Fortunately Unzicker went astray and adjourned in a lost position against Stean. He resigned without continuing, leaving the scores level at 4-4.

The second round was altogether quieter. Three games were drawn quickly, and for a long time nothing much happened in the rest. Eventually Mestel avenged his defeat with some nice endgame play to score a crucial point, but Keene again went down to Pfleger. The remaining three were adjourned. Speelman agreed a draw without resumption, but Hartston and Webb both stood worse, though the latter only slightly. The Germans needed to win both to qualify, but Webb held on without much trouble to deny them. The final group scores were thus England 21½/32, West Germany 21, Wales 5½.

Although the English performance was adequate for the occasion, it must be regarded as a very poor omen for the future. The Germans had only four good players, and on these top boards we were crushed 2½-5½. On the lower boards, where we expected to score heavily, only 5 points materialised. One can make excuses about the circumstances of the match, but if anything like this form is repeated in the finals then we should have little difficulty retaining our 1977 position.

White: A J Mestel **Black: E Lobron**

1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-KB3, N-QB3; 3.P-Q4, PxP; 4.NxP, N-B3; 5.N-QB3, P-K3; 6.P-KN3, P-Q4; 7.B-N2, B-N5; 8.PxP, NxP; 9.0-0, KNxN; 10.PxN, BxP; 11.NxN, QxQ; 12.RxQ, B-Q2; 13.R-N1, BxB; 14.BxBch, PxB; 15.R-Q3, B-K4; 16.B-R3, R-QN1; 17.RxRch, BxR; 18.B-B5, P-B3; 19.K-B1, P-N4; 20.R-N3, K-B2; 21.P-QR4, R-Q1; 22.P-QB4, K-N3; 23.K-K2, K-B4; 24.P-R5, B-B2; 25.P-R6, R-QN1; 26.R-N7, RxR; 27.PxR, B-N1; 28.B-B8, P-B4; 29.BxP, P-K4; 30.B-B8, K-K3; 31.P-B5, K-Q2; 32.B-Q6, B-B2; 33.P-N8=Q Resigns.



Problem 122

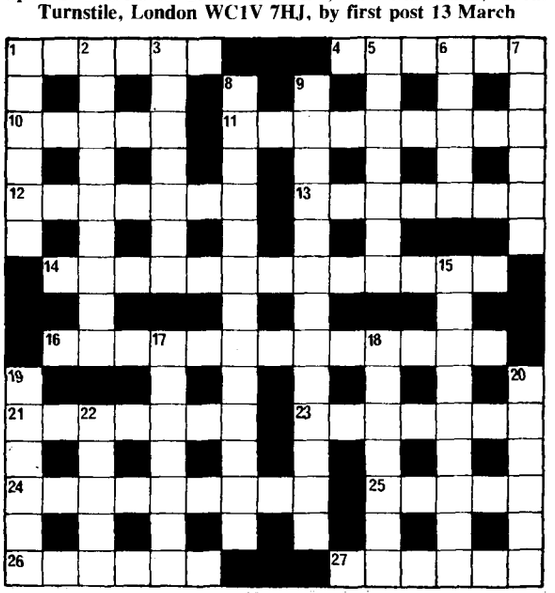
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 14 March.

Solution to Problem 120

1...N-B7ch! 2.BxN (RxN, QxBch) R-Q8ch; 3.B-N1, RxBch! 4.KxR, B-Q5ch! 5.NxB, Q-K8ch mates.

Weekend Crossword 1294

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1294, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 13 March



ACROSS

1 Instrument concerned with a summons (6).

4 Where to strike below the belt? (6).

10 Market-place which is universal in shape (5).

11 After trouble dole out flattery (9).

12 Shell is about in the voting returns (7).

13 The whole turns it green (7).

14 Literature which is merely an appeal for help by politicians (4,2,7).

16 Flies from old men of the deep? (13).

21 Things to write on and draw in Cornwall (7).

23 Country with unusual regalia (7)

24 Performer of slow movement in arrangement for orchestra (9).

25 Not mine, but will give her it (5).

26 One is in an unhappy way, being a pervert (6).

27 Let when two points in front (6).

DOWN

1 Decline to accept rubbish (6).

2 Fish which finds something to chew in an island (9).

3 Arrived with a set in Arthur's place (7).

5 One of those who prepares for broadcasting what was in the past read (7).

6 Reclining with a small youth in the heather (5).

7 Bleak attempt at victory (6).

8 Prisoners of war call for me to be given order, but they are non-combatants (13).

9 Lake which takes towns into care (8,5).

15 Keenness as of the turbulent green seas (9).

17 Abandons, giving a number of uneasy sensations (7)

18 Discovering the entrance in the shelter, he gets what is left (7).

19 Sound devices for observing tiny particles (6).

20 Backward mother is about to go astray, having been spoiled (6).

22 Challenged in the end when the bold are defeated (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution 1293

B	U	S	T	A	R	D	S		I	B	I	D	E	M
O		C		S	A				R		I		I	
T	R	O	U	S	E	R	S		W	A	T	S	O	N
H		O		U	E				V		T		I	
A	S	P	I	R	E	S		P	E	A	H	E	N	S
M		S		E		S	O		D		N		T	
			S	M	A	L	L	H	O	L	D	E	R	
M		S			L		L				S		Y	
A	R	M	A	T	R	A	D	I	N	G				
T		A		R	A		N		R		S		P	
R	E	C	L	A	I	M		A	N	O	T	H	E	R
I		K		I			T		U		E		I	
C	R	I	S	P	S		L	I	P	S	A	L	V	E
E		N		S			O		E		V		S	
S	A	G	G	E	D		A	N	G	R	I	E	S	T

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The college proposes to elect an Official Fellow and Tutor in Politics with effect, it is hoped, from 1 Oct. 1979, or as soon as possible thereafter. The University Lectureship (CUF) is associated with the fellowship and the successful candidate will be eligible for appointment to this post by the Board of the Faculty of Social Studies.

The post is open to men and women. Applications giving particulars of qualifications and experience, and the name of 3 referees should be made by 4 April 1979 to the Principal, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

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YOUNG FABIANS. Leslie Murphy, Chairman of the National Enterprise Board, will speak on 'The Future of the NEB' at the LSE, Houghton St, WC1, Tues. 6 Mar., 8 p.m. 50p.

TRAFFIC OR TRANSPORT? Public meeting, Central Hall, Westminster, 7 March at 7 p.m., organised by London Amenity & Transport Assn. and Camden Town Amenity and Transport Group. How will the GLC's latest £855m road building plans affect Londoners?

ADLERIAN SOCIETY: 'Do Handicapped Children have to be Different?' (informal talk with discussion). Sheila Fairbrother, paediatric-physiotherapist. Tuesday 6 March 7.30 p.m., Community Rooms, Millman Street (East Side), WC1. Visitors welcome 50p (students 25p).

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Dr Jeremy Bray MP on 'Politics and Technology' at 5 Tavistock Place, WC1, on Wed. 7 March 7.30 p.m. All welcome.

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Courses

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